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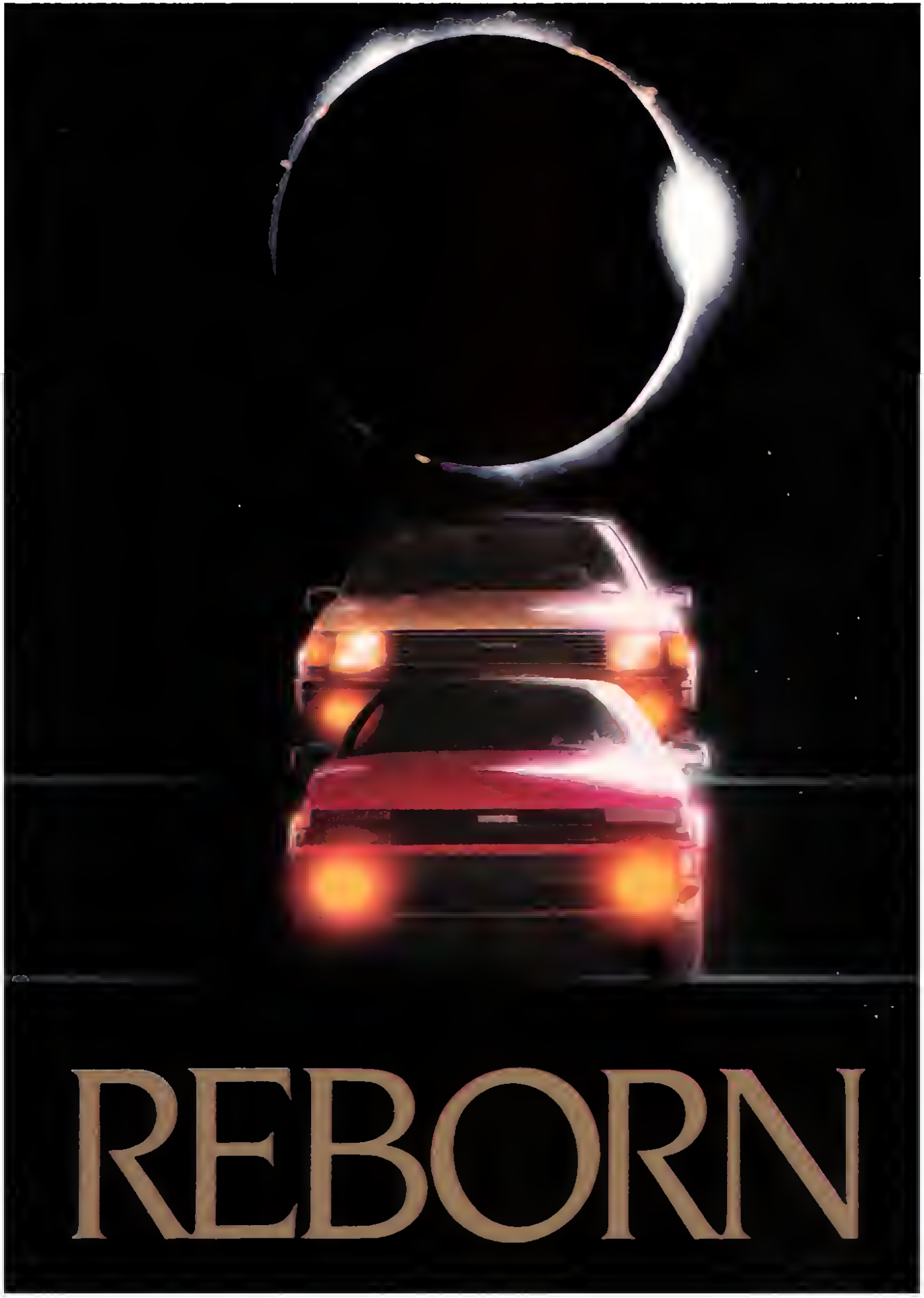
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OCTOBER 17, 1983 $1.75

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Ram Eric Dickerson
Leads An NFL Rush
Back To The Run




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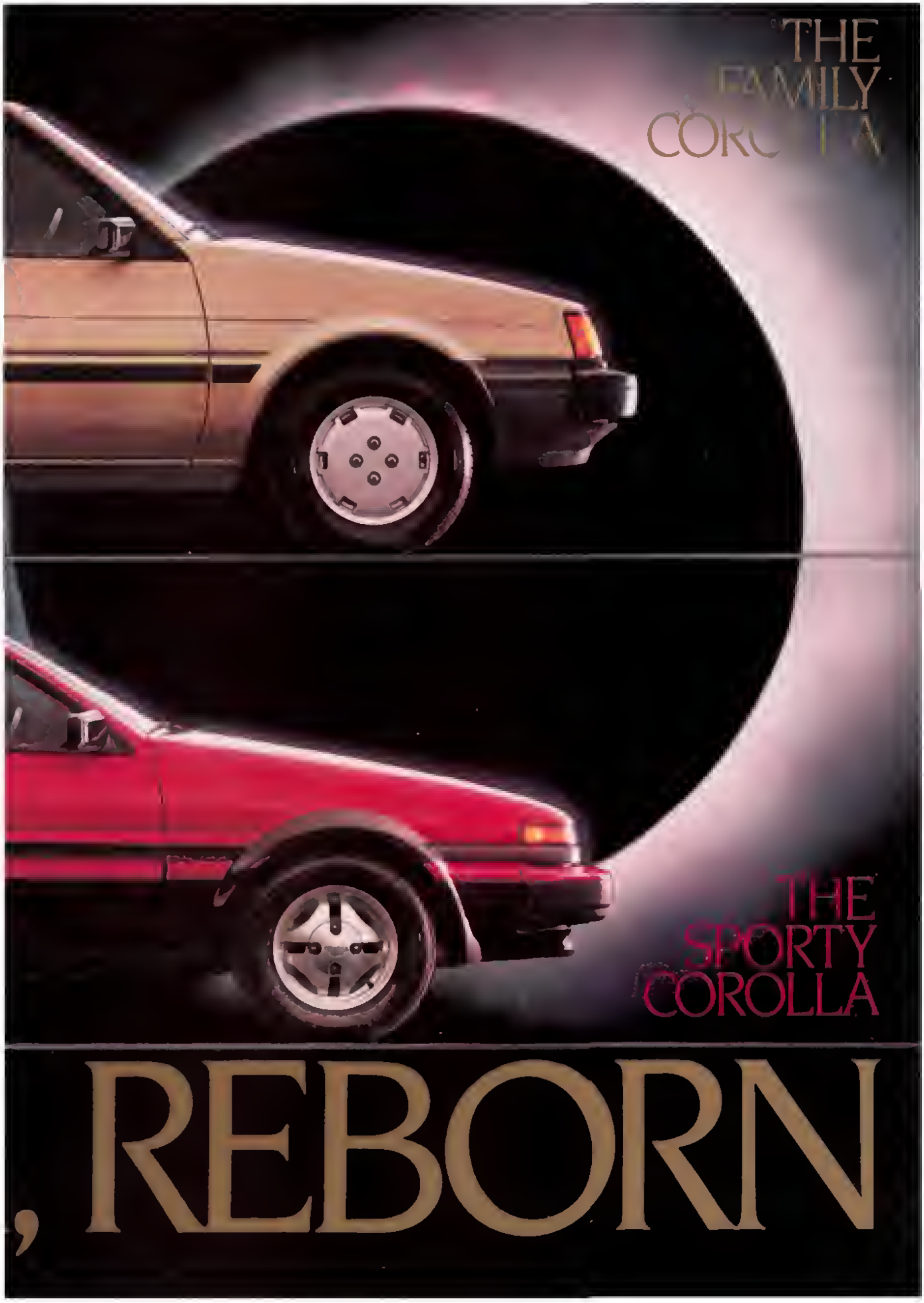
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COROLLA


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THE
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Toyota Corolla. Think fast. What comes to mind? Economy. Dependability. Affordability. How about one of the world's most popular cars? And now reborn for 1984, the totally new Corollas bring even more words to mind. Room. Comfort. Aerodynamic styling. Performance. Efficiency.



The 1984 Corolla 4-Door Sedan blends a new, crisp, aerodynamic design with front-wheel drive roominess and family car comfort. It's hard to believe a car this lean and trim is so roomy inside.

On the outside the Corolla 4-Door Sedan has been aerodynamically redesigned from bumper to bumper. A tapered hood combined with a high tail gives the gas and diesel Sedan a wedge-shaped appearance and helps the diesel Sedan achieve an impressive 59 Estimated Highway, 43 EPA Estimated MPG.* Corolla also comes in a functional 5-Door Liftback which features the versatility of a split fold-down rear seat for easier access to cargo, and the practicality of a hatchback. It even has a spoiler designed into the hatch to help cut through the wind giving it a drag coefficient of .34.



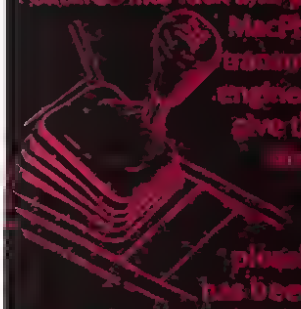
Inside both of these models, careful attention has been paid to create the definitive environment for driver comfort and family size roominess. In addition to front-wheel drive, we mounted the engine sideways so that there is more front and rear passenger room. The dash and the rear wheel arches have been recessed to make even more room. We even redesigned the seat backs, which not only adds more passenger space but helps increase the luggage capacity by 15%. The driving compartment has been carefully thought out so that every knob and switch is conveniently placed. They're "family car comfortable," driver practical, and still very affordable. But the Family Corollas tell only half the Corolla story. The Sporty Corollas tell the rest of it.



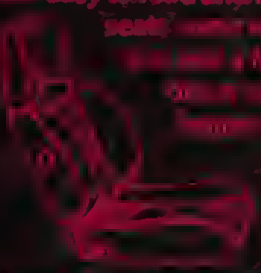
This striking new 3-Door Liftback combines performance and aerodynamic styling to give you that great old-fashioned fun-to-drive



Like the Family Corollas, the Sporty Corollas have been able to [illegible] a slippery silhouette. Features like rack and pinion steering, MacPherson struts, transmission and carefully engineered weight distribution give the Corolla superb and precise control.



The cabin interior is as functional as it is pleasing to the eye. The dash has been moved forward to increase roominess. The full array of [illegible] easy to read and in convenient reach. The seats [illegible] to improve [illegible]. And rear seats also [illegible] easy access to the cargo area.



If you prefer the style and private trunk space of a coupe, this new [illegible] dazzling 3-Door Coupe [illegible].



The 1984 Toyota [illegible]. Your eyes may tell you that they're totally new [illegible]. But their reputation and your wallet will tell you that they're still Corollas.

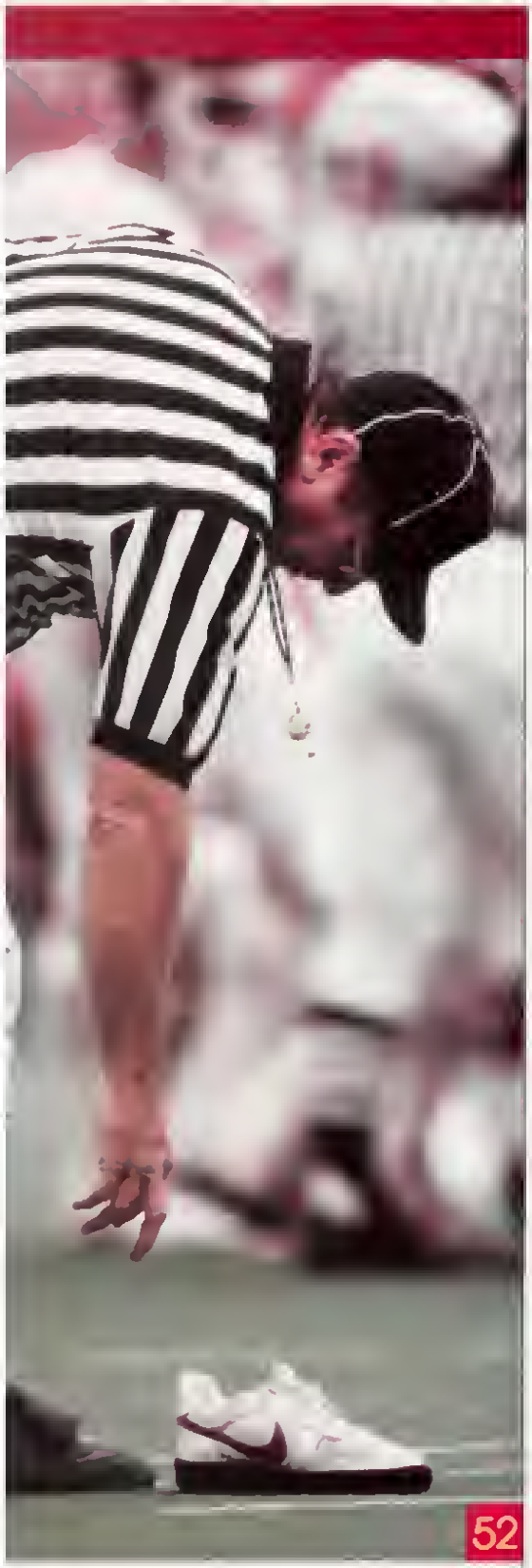
[illegible] the EPA Estimated MPG [illegible] manual transmission. You may get [illegible] than you drive, weather [illegible]. Actual highway mileage will probably be [illegible].

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Oriole Al Bumbry & Co. quickly took out Julio Cruz and the Sox, but this official—and the fans—had to wait awhile before Texas let the other shoe drop on Oklahoma.



Sports Illustrated

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LETTER FROM THE PUBLISHER





As you'll see in the article on Raider Linebacker Ted Hendricks that begins on page 92, Hendricks has a whole lot of hats. Contributing Photographer Peter Read Miller, who shot the story, has none. "I look funny in hats," says Miller, 36. "My hair is too long." Well, judge for yourselves.

Miller spent time in Hawaii and in Barstow, Santa Rosa and El Segundo, Calif. with Hendricks; it was last month in El Segundo that he finally tackled Hendricks' hat collection. "Hendricks doesn't hide in his hats," says Miller. "A different part of him comes alive with each one."

Miller was born in Chicago and grew up in Evanston, Ill. When he was 12 his parents divorced, and he moved with his mother and sister to Santa Barbara. Later he spent two years at Phillips Exeter Academy in New Hampshire, but wound up graduating from Pasadena High. He went to USC, earning three letters in crew, and shot sports for the USC newspaper and yearbook. In 1970 he received a B.A. in economics and was just a thesis away from completing a master's in public administration, this led to a fellowship at the Wharton School of Public Finance in Philadelphia, where he entered the Ph.D. program in the fall of '70. "Everybody else was into reading public finance journals and turning papers in early," Miller says. "I was running around campus with a camera." He lasted one semester.

Miller moved back to Los Angeles, where he lived near the beach, "shot rock concerts and artsy garbage like sunsets, the ocean and blurred people on escalators." In 1971 he became road manager for the Crabby Appleton rock group, "but in Detroit, our equipment got stolen and we had to go home."

It was a blessing in disguise—Miller went back to shooting USC football. He began freelancing in 1972 and became an SI regular in 1978. Last week alone he shot the National League playoff games in L.A., and, for future stories, the BYU-Wyoming game in Laramie and the Raiders-Chiefs game in L.A.

But about the hats. If he *had* to wear just one of Hendricks', which would it be? "His Raider helmet," Miller says. "I've got a secret desire to play tight end for them. I'm 6′ 3″, 205. Unfortunately, I run the 40 in a month."

Robert L. Miller






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SPORTS

by ARMEN KETEYIAN

TO SAVE HIS ARM, A PITCHER SHOULD USE HIS HEAD AND STUDY MECHANICS

Major league baseball is beginning to change its philosophy for the treatment of the arm and shoulder injuries that have long plagued pitchers. Instead of relying on drugs or surgery to fix the damage, the emphasis now is on preventing, rather than repairing, that damage. In the last three years new diagnostic techniques, million-dollar grants from hospitals and refinements in high-speed, stop-action videotaping have provided new answers to old problems.

"The beauty of the new philosophy," says Dr. Frank Jobe of Los Angeles, the foremost sports orthopedist in the country, "is that it's so simple. Essentially, it means writing the word 'prevention' on a flag and waving it very, very high."

But prevention is nothing more than a buzz word until it's given definition by such surgeons as Jobe and Dr. H. Paul Bauer of San Diego. In their terms, prevention is a commitment by both player and management not only to remember how sensitive the arm and shoulder are to stress but also to recognize and support the new methods. It means placing increased importance on good body mechanics—getting the body into the proper position to pitch. It means adhering to a daily regimen of strength and isometric and isokinetic flexibility exercises. New York Mets Pitcher Tom Seaver has been at the forefront of the prevention movement for years. Today he is regarded as an authority on how to coax "consistency and longevity" out of a pitcher. "What you're really looking for in a prevention program," says Seaver, who's working on a book about body mechanics and pitching, "is strength and flexibility through the entire range of motion. You don't want weak points anywhere. But before that happens, you must have a general understanding of the proper way to pitch. If you don't, and continue to throw improperly, you're going to have a breakdown."

Many experts believe the treatment of one such breakdown—that of the Pittsburgh Pirates' star lefthander, John Candelaria—triggered baseball's swelling interest in antisurgery medicine. On May 10, 1981 in St. Louis, Candelaria threw a pitch that put his career in jeopardy. Less than 24 hours later he was in Atlanta, consulting with an orthopedic specialist. Candelaria remembers the doctor telling him: "Son, it's a tear in your biceps tendon. I recommend immediate surgery."

"My first reaction was, 'Whoa, let's get another opinion,' " Candelaria says.

He did, but the second physician confirmed the wisdom of the proposed treatment. Baseball, after all, was then deep into its surgery-as-a-cure phase, which was popularized in 1974 when Jobe reconstructed the left elbow of Pitcher Tommy John. What concerned Candelaria wasn't the operation he faced, but its consequences. John's extraordinary recovery aside, other subsequent efforts to restore pitching arms and shoulders through surgery had failed abysmally. Steve Busby, Steve Stone, Wayne Garland, Don Gullett and Doug Rau—to name a few top pitchers—had seen their careers shortened or ended following surgery.

Candelaria eschewed surgery and instead turned to Bauer. A former San Diego Padres team doctor (1969-80), Bauer had gained considerable attention in medical circles, but little acceptance, as early as 1979 when he became an outspoken critic of rotator cuff surgery. (The rotator cuff is made up of four muscles that secure the arm to the shoulder socket, and pitching puts tremendous stress on that area.) "The results just haven't been very good," Bauer maintains. He was the first physician to suggest the use of good body mechanics as an alternative to rotator cuff and other arm surgery, a theory he developed through discussions with Seaver, who was then pitching in Cincinnati. Seaver had introduced Bauer to proper pitching body mechanics in 1979 when the doctor became frustrated during his treatment of Mark Fidrych. "Tom taught me a great deal," says Bauer. "I believe he's unsurpassed in his knowledge of pitching and the mechanics of throwing a baseball."

Bauer's belief in the efficacy of good body mechanics was so strong that he opened The Body Mechanics Lab in San Diego in 1979. Before Candelaria came along, Bauer's most notable patients had been Randy Jones and Bob Shirley, who were then with the Padres. That Bauer's ideas were largely untested mattered little to Candelaria. "I got good feelings

continued



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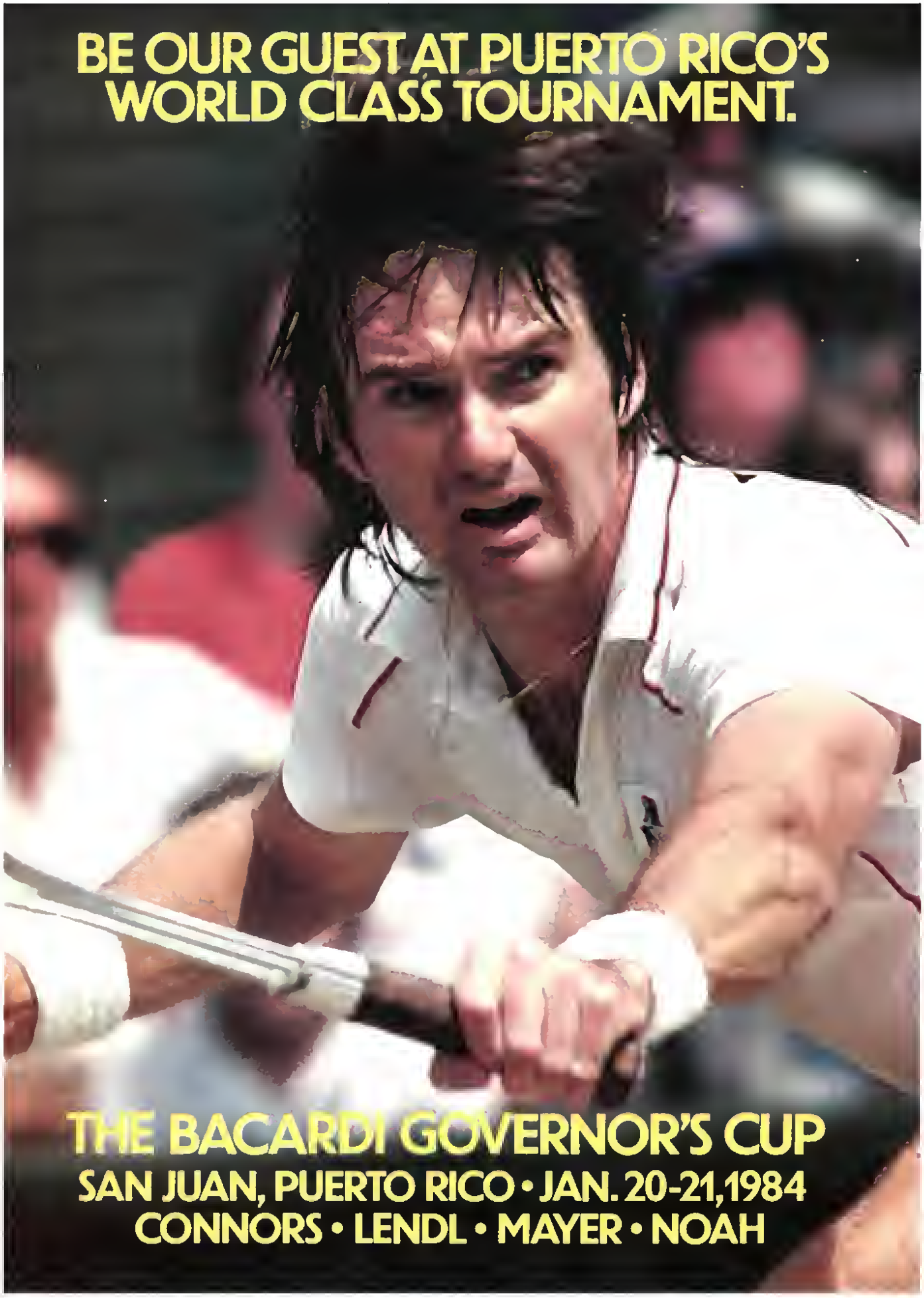
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from Dr. Bauer," he says. "He was so confident. I was impressed by him."

Bauer immediately diagnosed not a tear in the biceps tendon, but a nerve problem in Candelaria's left shoulder as the cause of the numbness and pain in Candelaria's left elbow and forearm. Bauer advised six to eight months of rehabilitation and some slight modifications in the Candy Man's motion.

That summer, Candelaria worked diligently with the lab's day-to-day director, Fred Kendall, a tobacco-chewing former major league catcher, whose 795 games behind home plate during his 12-year career had taught him a thing or two about pitching. They spent hours in the lab, an alley-like 12′ × 80′ AstroTurf-carpeted room complete with a pitcher's mound and a $55,000 Instar videotape system. The Instar system utilizes two cameras, which can be focused on various parts of the body during delivery. Because of Instar's advanced capabilities, the two-camera system can produce detailed images of objects in motion on a TV screen. Split-screen and isolation shots also are available at up to 140 frames per second. "Realizing what you're doing wrong is half the battle," says Kendall. "With videotape we can stop the delivery every step of the way, back it up, isolate areas. It makes it easier for players to understand their problems."

Candelaria's arm ailment, it was discovered, stemmed from two major flaws in his delivery. Nothing unusual, really. Kendall believes that 80% of major league pitchers are guilty of one or more of four basic mechanical mistakes. Candelaria was landing on his right heel instead of on the ball of his foot and thereby was losing what's now commonly called "glove drive," *i.e.*, getting additional forward momentum and focused direction during delivery. His bad landings were causing his body and shoulder to be shocked on every pitch, and the loss of glove drive was weakening his push toward home plate. With his glove at shoulder height or lower, Candelaria was missing an opportunity to generate positive momentum and was forcing his arm and shoulder to pick up the slack.

Other common mistakes, according to Bauer, Seaver and Kendall, include not keeping one's "front" shoulder and hip facing home plate during the push-off and not using the legs and trunk to throw. Both errors dramatically increase arm and shoulder stress.

"It took a while to make the changes," says Candelaria. "I spent a lot of time in front of the mirror. You can't make adjustments like that in the middle of a season." But two years and 27 wins later, he's thankful he did. "I owe it all to Dr. Bauer and Fred," Candelaria says. "Every damn bit of it. I believed in myself, but they're the ones who showed me what to do. Without them I don't think I'd be pitching today."

Candelaria's recovery offered hope for pitchers faced with similar pain but who were ignorant of or afraid to try the anti-surgery option. It also awakened the baseball establishment to the advantages of antisurgery treatment. "Before, all management had to do was replace one $30,000 pitcher with another," says Jobe. "Now, with guys making $700,000 a year, the emphasis has shifted to saving these people."

No one has made a bigger about-face in his thinking than Jobe. Between 1967 and '82 he performed more than 100 rotator cuff operations, but he's now opposed to the operation in certain instances. His shift stems from three years of research begun in 1980 under a $1 million grant from L.A.'s Centinela Hospital to Jobe's Biomechanics Lab in Inglewood, Calif. In one of his studies, hair-thin wires were inserted into the arms of five male test subjects. Muscle firings were recorded during various stages of windup and delivery. The test results, published in the January 1983 *American Journal of Sports Medicine*, startled many doctors. The two major findings: a surprising lack of muscle activity during the arm's acceleration phase, when it can reach 700 mph; and a tremendous burst of activity during the arm's deceleration phase, when the shoulder is slowing the arm's motion. "I found that deceleration data kind of surprising myself," Jobe admits.

During the course of his study Jobe also discovered healthy rotator cuff muscles weaken after 10 days of inactivity, setting off a chain reaction he believes responsible for most, if not all, arm and shoulder ailments. "It means as early as the third inning of pitching you will have trouble keeping your shoulder up," says Jobe. "And because the shoulder is weak from inactivity, you can feel pain. You then lower that shoulder to ease that pain. That lowers your arm, which, in turn, puts abnormal stress on the elbow."

It seems so simple. A weak shoulder

continued





plus pain equals an altered motion and more pain. Jobe's solution was just as simple: Strengthen the shoulder through a series of eight basic dumbbell exercises so it can stay elevated and withstand the stress of the sudden starting and stopping. "The Dodgers have been doing a variation of these exercises for about three years now," says Jobe, who also is L.A.'s team doctor, "and we haven't had any shoulder problems in that time."

Still, as elementary as this new philosophy sounds, changing old habits isn't easy. Adding preventive exercises to the regular training regimen sometimes annoys pitchers who feel fine. And many major league pitchers shudder at the thought of changing their mechanics. Most have pitched the same way since Little League, and they fear that any adjustment in their motion will have disastrous consequences. That fear seems to be more common among older, more established pitchers whose mechanics are firmly entrenched. "It would be so much better," Kendall says, "if pitchers could change while they're pain-free. Why not change now and avoid trouble later?"

Good question. One answer may be that baseball has never instituted a broad-based education program. Before Jobe's study, little scientific data were available on what happens to the arm during delivery. Without such data, few physicians or clubs were willing to prescribe weight training (which was long a baseball taboo), isometric exercise or even acupuncture as possible cures. But even as Jobe's findings make their way around the league and new rotator cuff-strengthening machines, such as the one developed by Atlanta Braves trainer Dave Pursley, hit the market, baseball drags its feet. Few franchises have made a strong commitment to solving the injury problem.

"Face it," says Jobe, "baseball is a very traditional game. It's hard for a doctor to tell a major league pitching coach he thinks Pete Vuckovich can pitch longer if he modifies his mechanics a bit—especially as Pete is picking up his Cy Young Award."

"I'm making more progress with Little League than with the big leagues," says Bauer.

But neither Jobe nor Bauer is worried. They know it's only a matter of time until preventive medicine goes from a solution that is warming up in the bullpen to one that is in the game. **END**

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Sideline

by MICHAEL BAUGHMAN

GRAVER CONCERNS GAVE THIS GOLFER A BETTER PERSPECTIVE ON HIS GAME

For years I kept hoping to improve my golf game, but, like many recreational players, I was too cheap to invest in lessons and too lazy to spend much time practicing my shots. Thus, rather typically, I ended up depending on equipment to help me instead. I experimented with different makes and models of woods, irons and putters, even with tees of varying lengths. I tried half a dozen brands of balls in 80, 90 and 100 compression, with Surlyn and balata covers. Once I even sent away for an "illegal" golf ball after reading an ad that highlighted the fact that it was banned by the USGA and said that it "flies down the fairway like a Ferrari on the run. . . . We've doctored up the ball's aerodynamics so that it has less drag. . . . You can tell the difference with your first drive. What's more, the special design could help keep tee and fairway shots straight down the middle . . . 'bites and sits' with more authority . . . putts with a steadier roll . . . and is virtually cut-proof."

I played nine holes with this supposedly wondrous sphere, and though it didn't reduce my score, I did indeed find it to be virtually indestructible. I bounced it off trees, ricocheted it off rocks and knocked it off the blades of a parked lawn mower, and it survived without a scratch, much less a cut. That experience made me finally come to my senses and admit to myself that my game would probably never get any better. But then, only a few weeks later, something occurred that not only improved my golf, but also greatly enhanced my enjoyment of it. It happened when I discovered four small tombstones in the heavy rough behind the 4th hole at the Oak Knoll course in my hometown of Ashland, Ore.

I play almost exclusively at Oak Knoll, a hilly nine-hole layout, wide open for the most part, with reasonably difficult greens. In the 10 years before I found the tombstones I had parred the course only twice. Since the discovery, I've parred it four times in two years, twice without mulligans, and my handicap—I keep it unofficially but honestly—has dropped three strokes, from 12 to nine.

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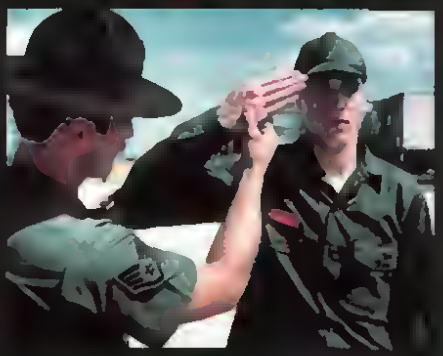
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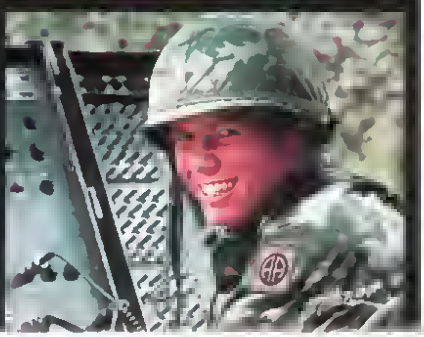
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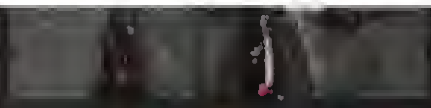




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IT'S A GREAT PLACE TO START



The setup of the course, at least the way I play it, makes the 4th hole a critical one. Oak Knoll's 1st hole is a 501-yard par 5, the 2nd a very easy par 4 of 317 yards and the 3rd a tough par 4 of 455 yards with a blind approach to the green. I often go par, birdie, bogey on these three, and when this happens, my round is either made or broken at the 4th hole, a 164-yard par 3 which goes downhill over a creek to an undulating green that is well protected in front by two large, deep bunkers; on the left by a pond; and on the right and behind by heavy rough. Failure to reach the green, or at least its fringe, more often than not means a double bogey or worse for me.

I use an eight-iron off the elevated tee, aiming slightly right of the green because I know I should compensate for my natural hook, and a good shot means a possible birdie and a likely par. But until two years ago, whenever I missed that green—which was about 80% of the time—my round inevitably fell apart, and there followed five holes of sheer frustration, glumness, occasional profanity and thrown clubs.

It was a hot, dry summer afternoon when the tombstones finally changed things for me. I was playing with my son, and at the beginning of the round I was hitting the ball as well and as far as I ever had, thanks in part to the dry air and hard fairways. When we reached the 4th tee I was two under, having birdied the 1st and 2nd and parred the difficult 3rd. A par on 4, then, would set me up for the best nine holes of my life, and I was relaxed and confident, the way any golfer gets when he knows he's swinging well. As it turned out, though, I was *too* relaxed, because I didn't alter my club selection and when I hit my customary eight-iron I connected so perfectly that the ball, without its usual hook, carried well beyond the green and into knee-high rough that I'd never had to deal with before.

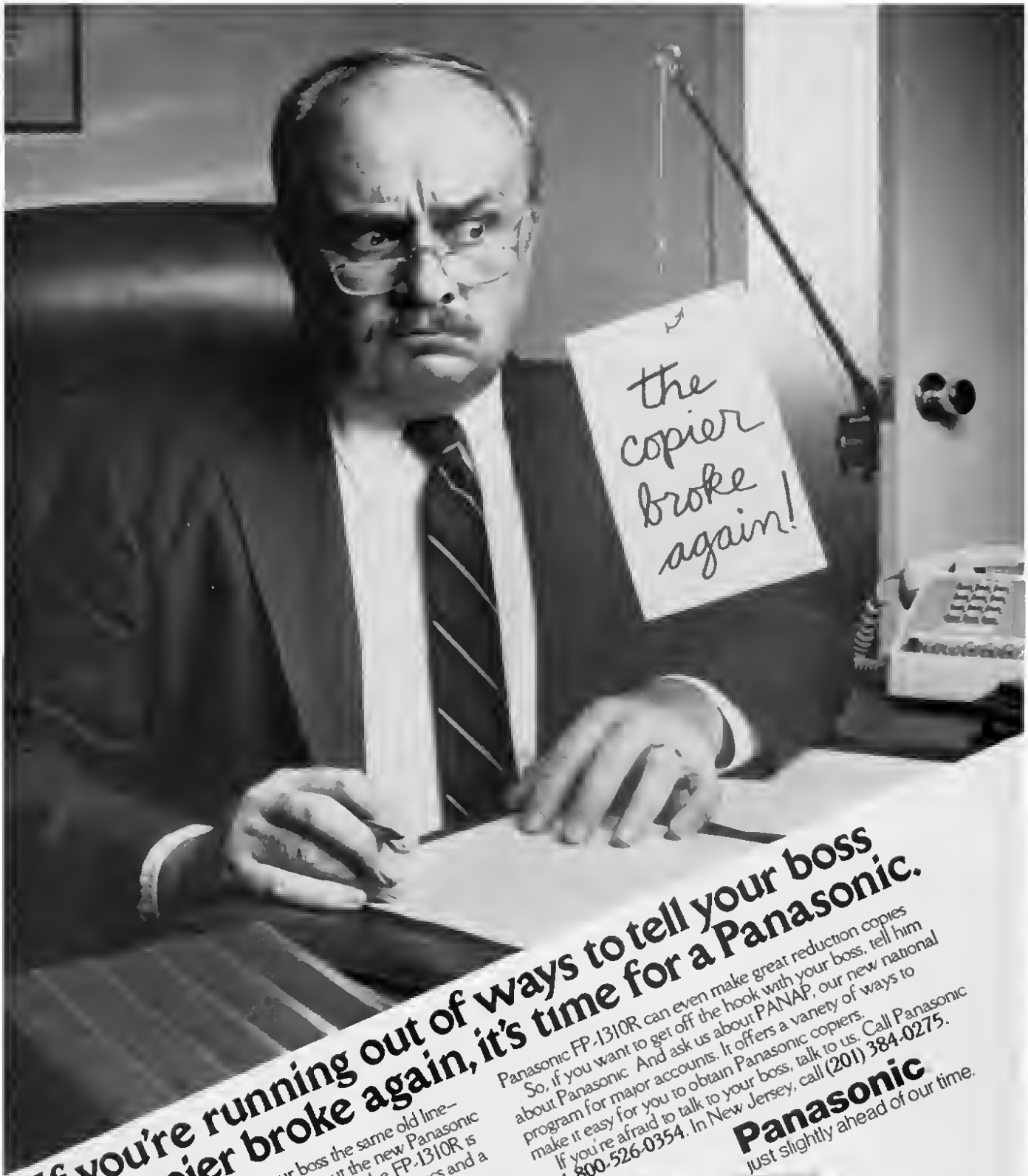
I didn't find my ball, but I did discover the graves of the Wells family. Three generations were there: Giles Wells (1799-1894), his wife, Martha (1806-1894), their son Giles Jr. (1838-1898) and their grandson, Fred (1881-1895). The graves obviously hadn't been cared for in a long time. The small stones were so well hidden in thick tangles of star thistle and dry grass that I'd been walking within 15 or 20 yards of them for years, on my way from the 4th green to the 5th tee, without ever suspecting they were there. Other people had known about them, but I had never heard anyone mention them.

I ended up taking a triple bogey on 4 that day, but it didn't bother me. In fact, I went on to par the course anyway, and, in the process, thought a lot about the Wells family. I knew that at least part of Oak Knoll must lie on what was their homestead, and when I considered the hardships faced by a pioneer family in southern Oregon before the turn of the century, my score for nine holes of golf on the same patch of land seemed unimportant. I later learned more about the Wells family. I discovered that Giles and Martha had come West looking for gold, that they had had eight children, that Fred was the son of James Wells and not of Giles Jr. and that Fred had died at such an early age by falling off a horse and ending up beneath it in heavy mud. The Wellses had undoubtedly endured blazing heat, bitter cold, drought, flood, disease and even Indian wars. It turns out that Giles raised a volunteer army in 1855 to fight the Indians.

So, when I come to the 4th hole now, I have all of those things on my mind, and it keeps golf in proper perspective. Balancing the frustrations of hitting a little white ball against what I imagine the Wells clan went through on a daily basis, I realize how comparatively easy my life is, and with that simple realization my golf has improved markedly. Unworried, I hit the 4th green nearly 50% of the time now. I appreciate my occasional triumphs as much as I ever did, and I'm easily able to accept my frequent bad shots and high scores happily, with a shrug of the shoulders and an honest smile. Thanks to the Wellses, buried nearly a century ago, my present golfing motto is H.I.P.—Hack in Peace.

I'll have to admit, though, that not everyone is as contemplative as I am about the tombstones. Last year club pro Buddy Sullivan decided to clean up the gravesites. The weeds and grass were cut away and a neat white wooden fence was built around them. Everyone at Oak Knoll knows about the Wellses now, and I recently asked a friend I was playing with whether he thought the graves back there behind the 4th green were likely to help most golfers' games.

He considered the question for a few seconds and then answered. "Sure," he said. "When you hit back there now, you get a free drop." **END**



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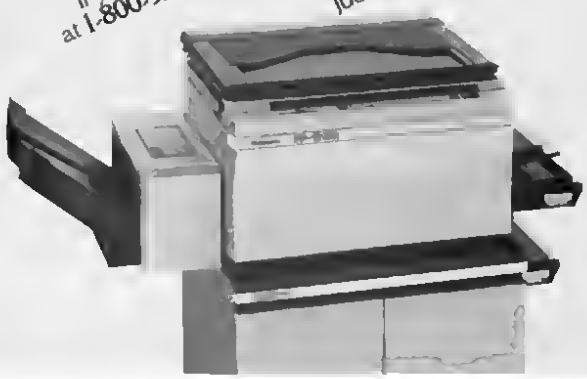
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On The Scene

by FRANZ LIDZ

NOW OR NEVER'S BUSINESS IS SELLING FITNESS, NOT FACTS, DOOR TO DOOR

In the 1977 disastrodrama *The Cassandra Crossing*, Ann Turkel played one of a trainload of potential victims of a terrorist bent on spreading the deadly "pneumonic plague." Today Turkel is fighting a far greater scourge: flab among the rich of the Hollywood hills. Turkel and her Austrian boyfriend, Hans Bühringer, run Now Or Never, Inc., a personalized fitness service that delivers good health door to door.

For about $45 an hour, Now Or Never will send a muscleman to your driveway in a van loaded with electronic muscle-stimulant machines, weightlifting apparatuses, biofeedback devices and vitamins. Now Or Never was one of the first mobile health clubs to roll into the Southern California fitness boom. Turkel and Bühringer say they have brought fitness to such glittering figures as Rod Stewart and superagent Swifty Lazar.

Both Turkel and Bühringer are admirable examples of Southern California physical well-being. They're lean, lithe and tanned. Their gymmobile venture got on the road soon after they met at a party last summer, and Bühringer, a self-styled singer-composer, would-be Olympic skier and swimmer and self-proclaimed ace kinesiologist, designed a workout program for Turkel. Though she may already have been the most smashing woman to admit to being more than 30 since Cheryl Tiegs, she lost 12 pounds by following Bühringer's regimen and developed her pectorals so much that she had to get a bra two inches bigger.

One night, she balked at Bühringer's demands. "I don't want to do it now," she said.

"I said better now or never," recalls Bühringer. "I'm going to help you now or never. That's how Now Or Never, Inc. came about."

The two eventually worked out a program that starts with a complete physical by Bühringer. "He's a doctor in these areas," says Turkel. Bühringer claims to have a Ph.D. in nutrition from the medical faculty of the University of Vienna—the same institution, he points out, that produced Sigmund Freud. "We have a lot of very big minds in Vienna," he says.

Ah, but Bühringer left Austria at 18, the age at which most Austrians are just finishing high school. And the Vienna medical faculty simply doesn't offer Ph.Ds., and the name Hans Bühringer doesn't appear in any university records. Bühringer insists, though, that Mom has his diploma tucked away in a drawer somewhere back home.

Bühringer also says that in Austria he used to model under the name Michael Jon and sing as John Lewis. He says he even had a couple of hit singles, *Oh, My Darling* and *King of Bomp*. But a check of the Western European record industry indicated that these "hits" never made the charts. Bühringer will even tell you he was on the '76 Austrian Olympic skiing and swimming teams. Well, maybe he wasn't on *both* teams, he'll later concede, maybe it was just the swim team, if that. Anyway, he was in shape and ready to serve if called. But on third thought, he's pretty sure he once made the Austrian Olympic ski team. "Track down Karl Cordin and ask him if I was on the Olympic team," Bühringer suggests. "He was twice, no, three times an Olympic champ. He knows me." Alas, Cordin, who in fact never won an Olympic medal, is no more enlightening. He says he doesn't remember Bühringer, or Jon, or Lewis. As one dachshund said to the other in Central Park, "Back in Germany, I was a St. Bernard."

The Bühringer fitness program includes special diets, nutritional supplements, structural and breathing therapy, aerobics, muscle stimulus by electrotherapy and testing for allergies. When pressed to expand on the concepts behind his program, Bühringer tends to wander into a jumble of pop psychology jargon. He explains his radical theory of allergies in an Austrian accent that seems to come and go: "If you have an allergy your body reacts in two ways. One, trying to dilute it with water and you gain weight. The other way the immune system gets all upset and you just collapse." He says he tests for allergies with "foods and different pills. Anytime you incorporate any kind of food, any kind of material, any kind of metal, your muscle will tell you in your aura, your body will react. Weak or strong to you. If it is weak, it is rejecting it. If it is strong, it's needing it. Like needs like."

To determine whether a vitamin deficiency might be affecting a person's aura, Bühringer has his clients lie down and hold various bottles of vitamins over their stomachs while he raises and lowers their right legs. SI's Los Angeles correspondent, Jack Tobin, watched Bühringer examine a woman in Turkel's presence while the Now Or Never van was parked in the woman's driveway. Bühringer concluded that she had a vitamin C deficiency. The woman pointed out that she took 8,000 to 10,000 units of vitamin C a day—the equivalent of a small grove of oranges.



ILLUSTRATION BY ANDY MYER

"Yeah," said Turkel, "but if it's not the right one, it would have a deleterious effect." Bühringer recommended a change of brand.

"Ann, take down Allison Plus [a brand of vitamin]," he said. "I could even do it [the testing] verbally, just knowing the chemical construction of the vitamin myself. By touching her, my aura transfers to her. It's part of the Chinese. You don't have to have the vitamin in your hand."

It's questionable how much medical validity all this has, but the attitude in the Hollywood hills seems to be, if it makes you feel good and it's not hurting anybody else, then it's nobody's business but yours and your kinesiologist's. "Holistic medicine is a meridian flow," says Bühringer. And in Southern California, you've got to go with something. END

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HOMELANDS TO
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SCORECARD

EDITED BY JERRY KIRSHENBAUM

WATT STEPS DOWN

The ill-considered remark that led to Interior Secretary James Watt's resignation on Sunday wasn't an isolated phenomenon. Watt's offensive reference to the commission he appointed to review his coal-leasing program as consisting of "a black . . . a woman, two Jews and a cripple" was, like his many other insensitive utterances, a product of the same atrocious judgment he displayed in making public policy. One of Watt's most ardent champions, Wyoming Republican Senator Alan Simpson, tried to explain away the crack as simply an example of Watt's lead-balloon sense of humor. But a man who doesn't know what's funny may also have trouble discerning what's serious, and Watt made a joke of his office with his often unseemly eagerness to develop or dispose of the public lands in his trust. It would be unfortunate if history records that Watt left office merely because of an intemperate remark. He was guilty of worse.

CONFUSION ON ICE

Just when we thought we had the new conference alignments in Eastern college hockey all figured out, they went and shook things up again. Last time we looked (SCORECARD, Oct. 3), the six hockey-playing Ivy League schools had decided to split off from the Eastern College Athletic Conference and join with Vermont, RPI and Colgate to form a new Division I conference. The Ivy League Six had become, you might say, the Elite Nine. The ECAC's eight remaining Division I teams—Boston University, Boston College, Clarkson, St. Lawrence, Providence, Northeastern, New Hampshire and Maine—were meanwhile planning to band together to form what was immediately called the Super Eight. Out in the cold was the East's newest Division I team, the University of Lowell (Mass.), which neither the Elite Nine nor the Super Eight seemed to want. Lowell was very much the Lonesome One.

Well, now you can forget all that. In an apparent stroke of conscience, the Super Eight ultimately decided to admit Lowell after all, thereby eliminating the Lonesome One and creating the Super Nine. In actions evidently unrelated to the admission of Lowell, St. Lawrence and Clarkson elected at about the same time to defect and join the other conference. That turned the Elite Nine, heretofore the Ivy League Six, into the Crowded Eleven and shrank the Super Nine, previously the Super Eight, into what was informally dubbed The Magnificent Seven.

We hope you have all that straight, because we're not repeating it.

A JONESIAN DEED

When Barry McDermott wrote a month ago that golfer Jay Sigel was "as close . . . to [Bobby] Jones as a man can get" (SI, Sept. 12), he didn't know how right he was. Sigel, who had just won his second straight U.S. Amateur, last week became the first man since Jones to win two USGA national titles in the same year. Of course, when Jones pulled off his double in 1930, the victories came in the U.S. Open and the U.S. Amateur (he also won the British versions of both events that year), whereas Sigel added the Mid-Amateur, played in Englewood, Colo., to his Amateur title.

But what on earth *is* the Mid-Amateur? It's a tournament especially created for true amateurs like Sigel, a 39-year-old insurance salesman from Berwyn, Pa. With the Open long since given over to the pros and with the Amateur increasingly dominated by PGA-bound hotshots on scholarships at Sun Belt colleges, the USGA three years ago devised the Mid-Amateur for amateurs 25 and older. "The working man's amateur," as the USGA likes to call it, runs from Saturday through Thursday, thereby enabling working stiffs to play in the first two days' qualifying rounds and still make it back to the office Monday morning if they miss the cut. "During the later rounds, it's not unusual for a player to stop and call his office after nine holes," says John Morris of the USGA.



In the final, Sigel beat Randy Sonnier one-up, then dashed to the Denver airport to catch a 3 p.m. flight to Philadelphia so he could be back at his office Friday. But first he picked up his prize—the Robert T. Jones Jr. Memorial Trophy.

DISTURBING DISCREPANCIES

Lightweight Isidro (Gino) Perez died in New York last week of injuries he suffered when he was knocked out in a Madison Square Garden fight six days earlier by Juan Ramon Cruz. Adding embarrassment to tragedy, the promoters of the fight were still having difficulty figuring out Perez' record. Garden officials listed it as 13–1–1 going into the Cruz bout but said that didn't include fights they suspected but couldn't confirm that Perez might have had in his native Mexico. Perez' manager, Al Certo, at first said his boxer's record was 17–1–1 or 18–1–1, but later allowed that he wasn't sure. Records compiled by *The Ring* indicated that Perez' record was 18–4–2, but Certo, the Garden and the New York State Athletic Commission all agreed that the magazine had mistakenly included several fights that actually involved another boxer with a similar name.

New York authorities said that Perez passed a rigorous physical exam last July to obtain his license in that state. Still, the confusion over his record left open the question of whether he might have suffered injuries in some previous fight that contributed to his death; if authorities don't know where and when a boxer has fought, it follows that they don't know where and when he might have been hurt.

The discrepancies in Perez' record prompted New York State Athletic Commission Chairman John Branca to renew an appeal that he and others have previously made for creation of a clear-

continued

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inghouse that would keep track of every boxer's fights and medical history. "We need to know more about his previous fights, how he fought, if he was hurt," said Branca. Going even further, New Jersey Deputy Athletic Commissioner Bob Lee called for adoption of procedures to have "inspectors" routinely check for injuries inflicted in gyms. "Some of the worst injuries happen in the gym," said Lee. "You hear things like, 'This guy was knocked out cold in a gym early in the week.' How can he be allowed to fight the following Friday?"

It's hard to imagine how either a comprehensive clearinghouse or an effective gym-inspection system can be created without federal regulation of the sport. Such regulation might well be expected to reduce the number of abuses not only in the U.S. but also, in certain cases, abroad. A Danish promoter named Mogens Palle certainly could have used better information from the U.S. when he booked Boston heavyweight Al Brooks to fight Anders Eklund last week in Copenhagen. Palle said he'd been told by an American matchmaker that Brooks was 29 years old and had won eight of 13 pro fights, including two victories this year. But, Palle said, Brooks admitted upon arrival in Copenhagen that he was actually 39 and hadn't fought in more than a year. Palle sent Brooks home and replaced him with an Italian fighter.

DOUBLETAKE TIME

An outdoor writer of our acquaintance was alarmed by this headline in *The New York Times*, which was on a story having to do, it turned out, with alleged suppression of free speech in a foreign land:

INSTITUTE SAYS TURKEY
IS HARASSING A WRITER

SPOOFED INTO A NEW JOB

Inspired by the outpouring of tributes lavished on retiring Red Sox star Carl Yastrzemski, the producers of *The Sports Huddle*, a phone-in show on Boston radio station WHDH, figured it was time for some satirical relief. For their show on Sunday, Oct. 2, the last day of the regular season, they decided to find and lionize an obscure baseball person who also planned to hang up his cleats. The retiree they settled on was Vern Rapp, 55, who never played in the big leagues but managed the St. Louis Cardinals in 1977 and part of 1978 and who was now stepping down after five years as first-base coach of the Montreal Expos.

The tribute to Rapp was mostly tongue in cheek. A mock telethon was staged, in which phone callers were invited to pledge money to a retirement fund for Rapp. Substantial sums were pledged. The show's hosts strained to relate Rapp anecdotes, of which, it developed, they had virtually none, and the executive producer, Bruce Cornblatt, warbled a



song he wrote to the tune of *Bye Bye Birdie*:

Bye Bye Vern Rapp, please tell us it ain't so.
Bye Bye Vern Rapp, hate to see you go.
We'll miss your bunting signs,
The way you tugged your belt.
Vern, would you still have left,
If you knew how we felt?

The program wasn't all spoof, though. Cardinal broadcaster Mike Shannon spoke admiringly of the man, and Rapp, reached by telephone in Montreal, was choked up by the whole affair. As things turned out, Rapp had even more reason to be pleased than he realized at the time. WHDH also conducted a telephone interview with Sheldon Bender, vice-president of player personnel for the Cincinnati Reds, in whose farm system Rapp had managed from 1969 to 1975. Until the station called, Bender hadn't known that Rapp was leaving the Expos, and he brought up Rapp's name at a meeting the next day at which the Reds' bosses were discussing whether to fire Manager Russ Nixon. One thing led to another, and it was decided that Nixon would indeed be sacked and that he would be replaced by, yes . . . Vern Rapp.

Although Bender stopped short of giving WHDH all the credit for the selection of Rapp as the Reds' new manager, he did concede that "Vern wasn't a candidate for the job until the station called." As for Rapp, he decided that becoming the Reds' skipper was worth unretiring for. And WHDH said it would be glad to send him the cassette recording he requested of what, for him, turned out to be a most momentous broadcast.

BAITING THE BULL

Because the designated hitter was not to be used in this year's World Series, White Sox DH Greg Luzinski continued to practice at first base during the American League playoffs, just as he had during the final days of the regular season (SI, Oct. 3). The Bull had to learn to handle not only ground balls but also teammates' barbs about his fielding. For example, before the playoff opener in Baltimore's Memorial Stadium, Luzinski was complaining in the clubhouse about the seats that had been set aside for the wives of the Chicago players. "Terrible," he howled. "The Orioles gave them lousy tickets. They'll all be out in leftfield."

The other players listened to Luzinski's tirade for a while before one of them shouted back, "Better the wives in leftfield than you."

THEY SAID IT

- Howard Schnellenberger, University of Miami football coach, asked whether he'd consider jumping to the USFL if he were offered a $1 million-a-year deal: "You mean you want me to take a pay cut just because we lost to Florida?"
- Bum Phillips, New Orleans Saints coach: "There are two ways to build a team. You either get better players or get the players you've got to play better."
- David Archer, quarterback for 2–3 Iowa State: "If we don't get the killer instinct, somebody is going to get killed."
- Paul Owens, Phillies manager: "The toughest thing about managing is standing up for nine innings." **END**


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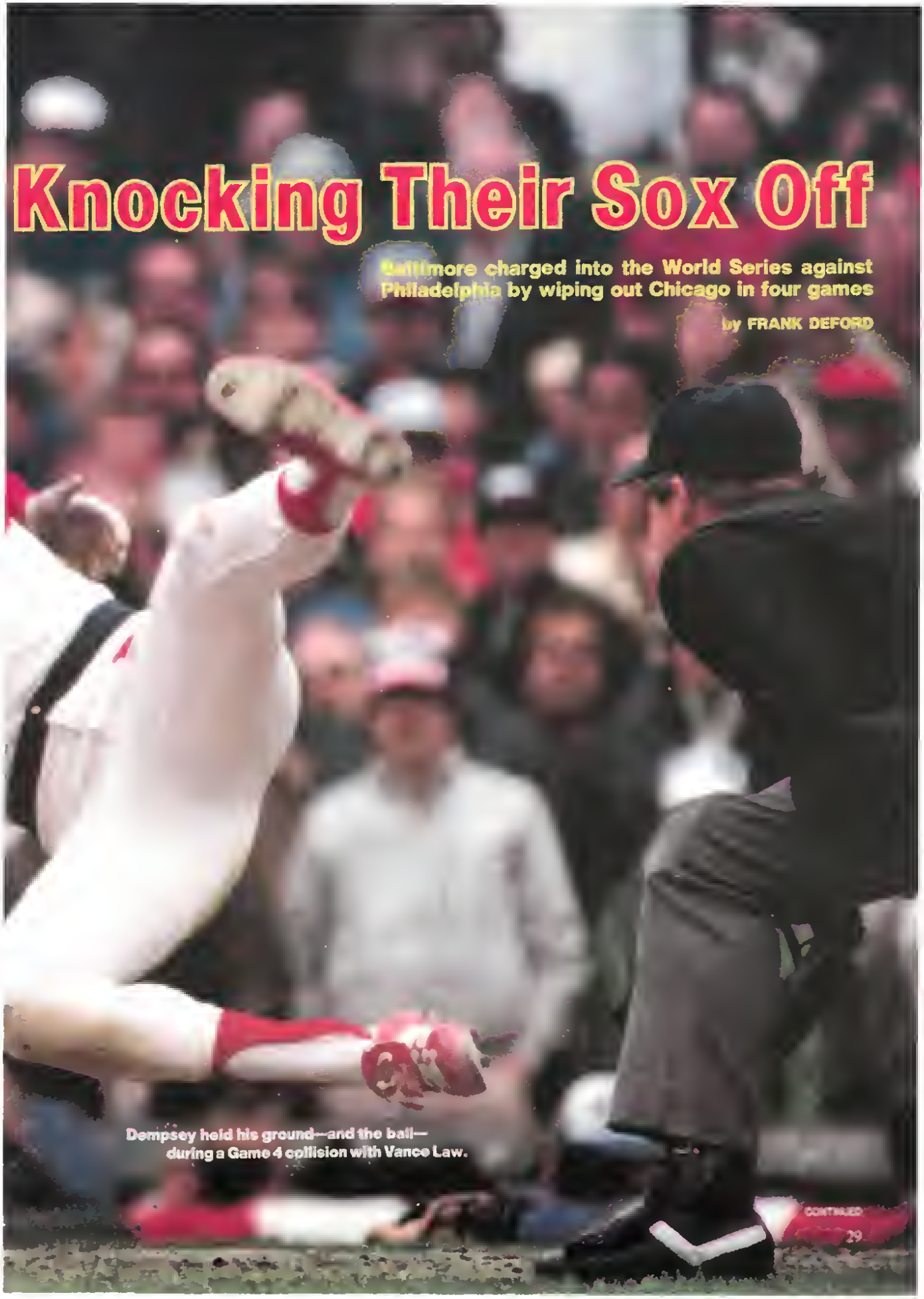
Sports Illustrated
OCTOBER 17, 1983



Knocking Their Sox Off

Baltimore charged into the World Series against Philadelphia by wiping out Chicago in four games

by FRANK DEFORD



Dempsey held his ground—and the ball—during a Game 4 collision with Vance Law.

CONTINUED
29



Hoyt's five-hitter won Game 1 for Chicago 2–1.

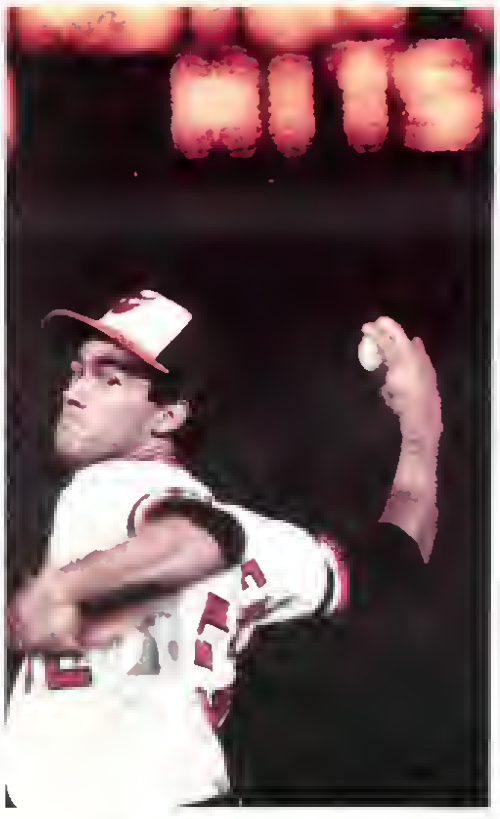
In the beginning, with the Baltimore club of the Gay Nineties, there was the Old Oriole Spirit: scuffling, beer-swilling scoundrels, full of spit and tricks, with squeeze plays, high spikes, Baltimore chops—of course—and whatever else it would take to beat you. Now the modern Baltimoreans, after producing the best record in baseball over the past quarter century and winning more division titles and Championship Series than anyone else, have engendered a New, Improved Old Oriole Spirit, which could be characterized as inspired moderation.

Baltimore made a wonderfully complete presentation of this latter-day spirit in the American League playoffs against the game Chicago nine last week, mixing strong pitching and defense and a penchant for big innings with grittiness, new faces and the catchall that Rick Dempsey describes as "the magic things."

It was this combination that outscored the White Sox 19–3 over four games. The West Division champions had to settle for four extra-base hits—all doubles—and, in a hackneyed bit of baseball parlance that has never been more accurately employed, stranded 35 baserunners, 18 from the seventh inning on. In the final game Saturday, played under gunmetal skies and in a wind you could nickname a city for, the Sox got men on base in each of the 10 innings, but they could never safely pass Dempsey's wicket.

He's the catcher, the heart of the team, if not of the batting order, and he said of that three-hour, 41-minute struggle, "That was the toughest game I ever participated in. It was mentally draining, and physically, you couldn't make any mistakes." Indeed, it was such an extraordinary contest that the losing pitcher, Britt Burns, generously declared afterward, "I was very happy to be part of a game like that."

Burns's outing, although it ended in defeat, was one of three superb pitching performances that defined the nature of this series. The third game, an 11–1 stampede for the Orioles in which a great deal of nonsense and bad manners were displayed—turning ultimately into a Retaliategate—was an aberration we will get to in time. The American League was won by pitching or, if you will, lost by those who could not hit that pitching.



MVP Boddicker struck out 14 and allowed only five hits in his second-game shutout.

The Orioles chose to pitch the Sox sluggers cute—which is rather what the American League is known for. As it says on the T shirt that Rabbitt Miller, the Orioles' highly respected pitching coach, wears, WORK FAST/THROW STRIKES/CHANGE SPEEDS. Nothing about heat. The Orioles only teased with the fastball against the meat of the order; instead, the pitchers changed speeds promiscuously, coming in, then out. The culmination of this effort came against Greg Luzinski, the Chicago cleanup hitter, in the final game. The Oriole index card on Luzinski said to set him up so he could be jammed, and so frustrated did Luzinski become with this pattern that on Saturday he failed to hit a fair ball in five trips.

The efficacy of this sort of strategy was first demonstrated not by the Orioles but by the Sox' Dewey LaMarr Hoyt, he of the name from *Hee Haw*, the girth from sumo and the 24 regular-season wins, the last 13 in a row. Hoyt has computer control of the location of his pitches and their velocity and, thus, an unerring ability to get ahead on the count. In the opening game he threw strikes on 74 of his 98 pitches, and of the first pitches to the 31 batters he faced, 26 were strikes. The final 17 Oriole batsmen fell into that first-strike category. Eddie Murray, Baltimore's most feared hitter, was the last; he went for a first-pitch fastball down and away and grounded it weakly to end the game, with the tying run on base.

The final score was 2–1 for Chicago,

as the big bats boomed, the Sox scoring on a single that went through the third baseman's legs and a double-play grounder. But who could know that this would be Chicago's one binge?

Going into the playoffs Chicago hadn't played a .500 or better team since late August. As the Championship Series wore on, the Sox bats flailed away, and Tony LaRussa, the Chicago manager, kept swearing that tomorrow, surely, his boys would start hitting. But they simply ran out of time before they could get attuned to good pitching . . . and good defense . . . and good everything. You can be positive that never before in baseball history did a team prep for October by playing for 5½ straight weeks against losers.

Curiously, too, the Sox had never even seen the man who would, ultimately, beat them. You know who he was? He was that baseball staple, the Player to Be Named Later—later, in fact, having been Aug. 30, months after the Orioles had express-mailed a utility man named Floyd Rayford into the Cardinal system. TPTBNL turned out to be a guy whose name is Terry Landrum, except during the baseball season, when he's known as Tito Landrum. A onetime male model, Landrum got to bat 41 times for the Orioles, but he never started a game in rightfield until the playoffs, when Dan Ford was hobbled by an injured right foot. In his first four at bats Saturday, Landrum scratched out an infield single. As Burns went out for the 10th inning, the only outstanding question was why the game was still on, as the Sox had let numerous scoring opportunities slip away. The Sox even came up empty in the seventh when they got three singles and a balk.

Landrum was the second Oriole batter in the 10th, preceding Cal Ripken Jr. and Murray. Before Landrum moved out on deck, Ralph Rowe, the Baltimore batting coach, told him he'd been undercutting the ball. Storing that advice, Landrum stood in looking for a fastball, which was mostly what Burns had showed him so far. Landrum has no illusions. He's almost 29 years old, a perennial fringe player. Hitters like Kid Rip and Eddieeddieeddie are the ones pitchers work on; hitters like Landrum they won't be cute with, especially after having thrown 149 pitches, as Burns had. They must, as Landrum says, "go at" the Landrums. The

continued



Julio Cruz's pivot on this Game 4 DP was one of the few times Chicago came out on top.





PLAYOFFS *continued*

fastball at him was a little high and not quite fast enough. He saw it "pretty good-sized" and hit it on a line under the wind, and Burns watched it land in the leftfield upper deck.

Mike Boddicker, the uncommonly handsome man who had been called upon to pitch Game 2, had been summoned from the minors on May 5. A 26-year-old wintertime grain-elevator worker, Boddicker had, not unlike Landrum, bounced around the minors, while bigger boys who fired smoke got their chances. Every winter he went back to Norway, Iowa (pop. 633), where most everybody hangs out at Rich's Roost tavern and where Boddicker lives with his wife, Lisa, the daughter of his American Legion coach. But if Boddicker's pitches were not fashionably live—"worse garbage than the stuff I take out at night," Rod Carew had said earlier this year, first time he got a whiff of it—his trash got him 16 wins, a 2.77 ERA and this start against Floyd Bannister. Boddicker prepared for the occasion by installing a CB in his pickup truck and playing video games.

And so he shut out the Sox, struck out 14—a record-tying total for a Championship Series—and won the series MVP honor for his part in taking the Orioles into the Metroliner series via Chicago.

In the four games against the Sox, the Birds crushed three home runs, one in each victory: Landrum's, a two-run shot off Bannister by Gary Roenicke that iced Boddicker's win and Murray's 420-footer to right center in the first inning of Game 3. That last blow was rife with ramifications.

First, it got Murray off a long-term schneid or two. He had bombed in the '79 World Series, taking the collar for his last 21 at bats, and his oh-fers in the first two games of these playoffs had left him 0–29 in postseason competition as well as 0–23 in his most recent sorties against the Sox.

So it was that Murray stepped to the plate against Richard Dotson, with Dwyer and Ripken on. Dotson's first pitch came close to grazing Murray's midsection, and in the Oriole dugout there was a surprised buzz. "Maybe," somebody said, "that'll wake him up." After taking another ball, Murray stood back in, opening and closing his hands on the bat handle. The pitch that came in then was the one that went back out 400 feet and more.

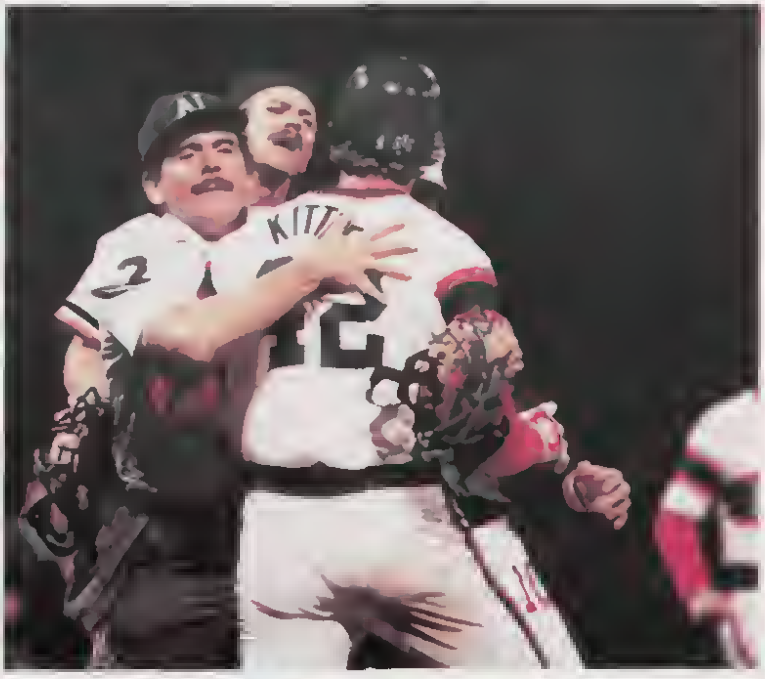
In the innings that followed there were some strange developments. Flanagan, the Oriole starter, struggling, hit Ron Kittle, who was leading off the fourth for Chicago, in the kneecap on a 3–2 pitch. It hurt a great deal, and Kittle, normally a most collected young man, screamed at Flanagan. Now, nobody can logically imagine anyone intentionally hitting the leadoff man in the fourth inning. Moreover, Baltimore is renowned as a team that never throws at the opposition. Earl Weaver, who managed the Orioles from 1968 through last season, would bellow at anybody who ever even idly proposed retaliation. But Kittle screamed, and it's baseball dogma that in such cases everybody has to rush out and act foolish, which is what happened for a while.

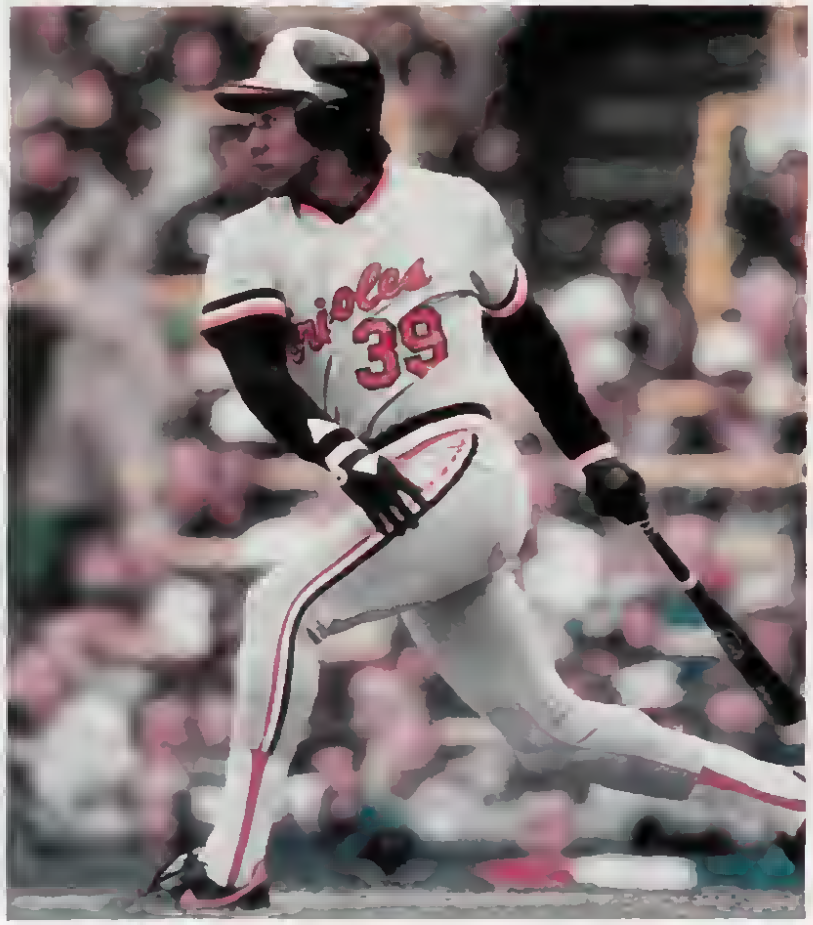
O.K. Top of the next inning, two out, Dotson plunks Ripken. Ripken smiles, waves the trainer away and calls over to Dotson from first base, "Is that all you got?" Dotson angrily fires the ensuing pitch way inside on Murray. Murray threatens Dotson. Dotson calls Murray an ugly name. Remember how this goes? LaRussa runs out. Orioles run out to make sure Murray doesn't hit LaRussa and get thrown out. Much milling and cooing follows. Even bullpens empty. Pitchers warned. Heavens to Betsy.

Dotson, coming to his senses, throws next three pitches very far outside, walking Murray. Gently. Then John Lowen-



Playing with a spirit that even John McGraw would admire, Dempsey in Game 1 shook off an injury and in Game 3 slid home with a run and gave Kittle some lip.





stein doubles to make the score 6–1. Last Pale Hose to leave, turn out the lights.

Unfortunately it gets worse, because after the game, while LaRussa is declaring, "I'm here to tell you Ripken was not hit intentionally," Dotson, normally the most careful and taciturn of athletes, is telling sundry listeners that not only did he "hit Ripken on purpose," but he had "taken a poll" to find out which Oriole "would be the best to hit," since orders to do so had "come down from the grapevine." The next day, LaRussa explained away the seeming contradiction between his and Dotson's accounts as merely a case of Dotson's being "worked up." Flanagan, for his part, allowed as how "last year, real men didn't eat quiche. This year, real men don't pitch inside."

As usual, the Orioles assumed their glory without undue emotion. "On this team," Pitcher Scott McGregor says, "we've learned to put aside a lot of the facade that athletes often think they have to show. We don't have to be perfect and we don't have to be nervous either." Real Orioles don't pout. Real Orioles don't gloat. Real Orioles just win.

CONTINUED

Landrum's Game 4 home run broke open a scoreless duel and earned the pennant.

The Old And The Relentless Beat The Young And The Restless

by RON FIMRITE

The first pitch Dodger lefthander Jerry Reuss threw to the Phillies' Gary Matthews last Saturday night in the fourth game of the National League Championship Series was a venomous fastball just below the knees that Matthews narrowly dodged by leaping aside in the manner of a pedestrian eluding a speeding taxi. The next pitch Reuss threw—a decidedly less lethal fastball—was hit by Matthews on a tremendous arc into the upper deck of Philadelphia's Veterans Stadium for a three-run homer that won the pennant for the Phils. The ball was hit with such force that Matthews felt no cause to watch its lordly flight. "I didn't have to watch the ball because I knew it was going out," he explained later. "I can't remember hitting a ball that far before."

Matthews not only devastated the Dodgers in the four games of the playoffs—setting or tying records by getting five consecutive hits, by driving in eight runs and by hitting homers in three straight games—but he also vindicated himself for an otherwise subpar season.

Matthews hit .429 in the playoffs after a .258 season. A regular from his rookie year, 1973, with San Francisco through last season, when he played in every game for the Phillies, this year Matthews was platooned by Manager Paul Owens, who descended from the general manager's office to take field control on July 18.



One of several low points of Game 3 for Catcher Fimple was the performance by Rose, who got three base hits and scored two runs.



regular-season games and were the hot team entering the playoffs. But the youthful Dodgers—the Baby Blues—had beaten Philadelphia in 11 of the teams' 12 meetings during the season and had held the Phils to a composite average of .187. Youth, in short, had prevailed.

The Phillies did have an advantage in the series opener in the person of Steve (Lefty) Carlton, the Broad Street sphinx. The Dodgers had proved themselves vulnerable to lefthanders, losing 21 of 30 decisions to them in the season. Opposing Carlton was Reuss, who with an 0–6 record is now the losingest pitcher in playoff history. Mike Schmidt hit a homer for the Phillies in the first inning of what would be a 1–0 game. Lefty went 7⅔ innings, and Al Holland, also a lefty, worked the rest of the scoreless distance. Carlton not only beat the Dodgers, he embarrassed them. When leadoff hitter Steve Sax singled in the first for Los Angeles, Carlton quickly picked him off, a scenario that would be repeated in the final game.

The Dodgers made a few more mistakes in Game 2, but still rode home 4–1

continued

The Dodgers were never safe from the rampaging Matthews, who hit .429 with three home runs, eight RBIs and a stolen base.



Matthews bore his humiliation in manly silence, but he seethed inside until he ripped into a Dodger team that suddenly seemed pitifully overmatched. "This doesn't make up for a tough season," said Matthews of his playoff heroics, "but now the people of Philadelphia know I can still play."

Matthews wasn't the only Phillie who felt rejected this season. In fact, his story is a familiar one at the Vet. Golden oldies Pete Rose and Joe Morgan were also benched and both had wretched seasons, Rose hitting .245 and Morgan, despite a 29-point burst in September, only .230. When the 58-year-old Owens took over from the fired Pat Corrales, he instituted some Earl Weaverish lineup juggling, seeking, as he put it, to replace the "I-ism" with "We-ism." Philadelphia wasn't an easy team to manage, he conceded, "with so many potential Hall of Famers at the ends of their careers."

The Phillies had won 25 of their last 32



Sax opened Games 1 (above) and 4 with base hits, only to have Carlton pick him off.

winners behind the stout pitching of stout Fernando Valenzuela, who, except for the first of Matthews' homers, held the Phillies in check. Valenzuela was denied a complete game when Lasorda brought in Tom Niedenfuer in the ninth, after a mini-rally threatened Los Angeles' precarious lead. On being removed, Valenzuela responded with what appeared to be angry gestures in the dugout. He isn't much more informative in postgame interviews with English-speaking reporters than is the silent Carlton because Valenzuela speaks through an interpreter. "I was only stretching my arms" was the interpretation of Valenzuela's reply to a question about his gestures. Valenzuela later insisted that he was angry over an official ruling that had given Garry Maddox an error after he'd chased down Valenzuela's long fly to deep right center in the fifth inning. Maddox had the ball in his glove but slipped on grass dampened by an overnight rain, the ball squirting free as he fell on his backside. Valenzuela wound up at third with what he thought should have been recognized as a triple.

The game was won when Dodger Pedro Guerrero's twisting liner to right in the same inning bounced away from Sixto Lezcano for an undisputed two-run triple. A similar shot by Morgan, with two Phillies on base, was caught by a diving Mike Marshall in the seventh. "Guerrero's fell and Joe's didn't," said Owens, summing up.

The first two games in warm and hazy Dodger Stadium revealed an ominous L.A. penchant for bonehead plays that are symptomatic of impetuous youth. Sax set the pattern by being picked off before most of the Game 1 spectators had been seated. In the fourth inning of the second game, Marshall, on third base, was nailed in a rundown between third and home after Bill Russell, on first, was caught yards short on an attempted steal of second. "There was no double steal on," said Marshall. "Bill got caught so far from the bag, he just stopped. I decided to go home to create a little chaos." The chaos denied the Dodgers a scoring opportunity. And after the three-base Maddox muff, Valenzuela made a big error of his own, attempting to score from third on Greg Brock's soft bouncer to Schmidt at third. Valenzuela was out by a lot.

The Dodgers didn't let up on the silly stuff in Game 3. In the second inning one run scored when, on successive pitches, Los Angeles' Alejandro Peña threw a wild pitch and Jack Fimple committed a passed ball. A second run in that inning scored when Guerrero fielded Ivan DeJesus' grounder at third and threw to first instead of home, where Greg Gross would have been cut down easily. "I can't look at the ball and the runner," Guerrero alibied. "I should get help from somebody. The catcher was there, the pitcher, the shortstop." Guerrero obviously wasn't the only one with a dim view that day. In all three of the twilight games, visibility was poor. Even third-game Plate Umpire John McSherry acknowledged that he couldn't see the ball clearly in the fading light.

The third-game goofs, egregious as they were, weren't the cause of the Dodgers' penultimate 7–2 loss. For all practical purposes, the Angelenos were goners when Starter Bob Welch was obliged to retire in the second inning after throwing only 31 pitches. The reason: bursitis in his left hip, an affliction that had troubled him since late last month. "He never feels it in warmups," said Dodger assis-



An error put Valenzuela on third base in Game 2, then his error put him out at the plate.

continued

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Not available in all areas.

tant trainer Paul Padilla, who examined Welch on the mound after he walked the first two hitters in the second. "It's that little extra he extends himself in a game." Welch's departure forced Lasorda to use Peña, whom he had intended to start on Saturday, in long relief. Peña, a reluctant reliever, was ineffective, partly because he said he'd thrown 100 pitches warming up in the bullpen during Game 2. Peña's successor, Rick Honeycutt, allowed two runs in only a third of an inning. Honeycutt, traded to the Dodgers in August from Texas, actually finished as the American League's ERA leader at 2.42. His earned run average for two playoff appearances was 21.60.

Lasorda felt he had no choice after the third-game loss but to come back with Reuss in Game 4, though he'd not started with three days' rest all season. Owens, for his part, benefited in the third game from a brilliant pitching effort by rookie

homer with one of his own leading off the Phillies' fourth. "It was the biggest hit of the series," said Schmidt, "coming right after their guy had given them a lift. It was demoralizing to them."

That night, Matthews and Morgan had dinner with an old pal, Dodger Dusty Baker, at Bookbinder's Restaurant on the Philadelphia waterfront. Matthews was relishing his big four-RBI day, and Baker, according to Matthews' wife, Pamela, "was always saying something to bring him back down." "Before the playoffs," Baker said later, "Gary and I talked about how we were going to do. I said I was going to be the hero, and he said he was. I lied. He didn't."

True. In Game 4 the Phillies never trailed after Matthews' epochal first-inning blast, and Schmidt chipped in with three hits, an RBI and three runs. Lezcano hit a two-run homer, and Rose, who went 6 for 16 in the series, had two hits.



Hudson proved Philly also had youth going for it, much to the dismay of Lasorda.

WHEEZE DID IT!

Charles (Don't Call Me Charlie) Hudson, who pitched in A ball last year and was not promoted to Philadelphia from Triple A Portland until May 31 of this year. He finished the season at 8–8, but won five straight in one stretch and was within two outs of a no-hitter against Houston on July 20. Staked to a snappy 3–0 lead, Hudson hung a curveball to Marshall in the fourth, and Marshall belted it for a two-run homer.

After Hudson retired the side, he plopped down by himself on the dugout bench. John Denny, a nine-year veteran who had gone six innings in the loss to Valenzuela on Wednesday, soon joined him. "You're losing your concentration," Denny firmly advised the 24-year-old Hudson. "Stop throwing the slow-breaking pitch. You've got good motion on your slider today. Use it." "After that," said Hudson later, "I got it together." Indeed, the Dodgers didn't get another hit. Matthews did, countering Marshall's Carlton, suffering from stiffness in his lower back, went six innings before giving way, first to Ron Reed and finally to Holland. Reuss gave up five runs in four-plus innings. The Phillies had duplicated their 7–2 win of the day before.

There was the obligatory champagne squirt in the clubhouse afterward, and Owens embraced veteran players who only weeks earlier had felt their careers threatened by him. Pitcher Larry Andersen put on the rubber mask of an old man and slipped into one of Owens' uniform shirts, adding to the hilarity.

There was, of course, no dousing the spirits of the series' Most Valuable Player, Matthews. When Coach Bobby Wine interrupted one of Matthews' dissertations to the press with the admonition, "You can't stand here talking for four hours," Matthews had a quick retort. "Hell, I didn't play for three months," he said. "Let me talk." There was no question he had something to talk about. END



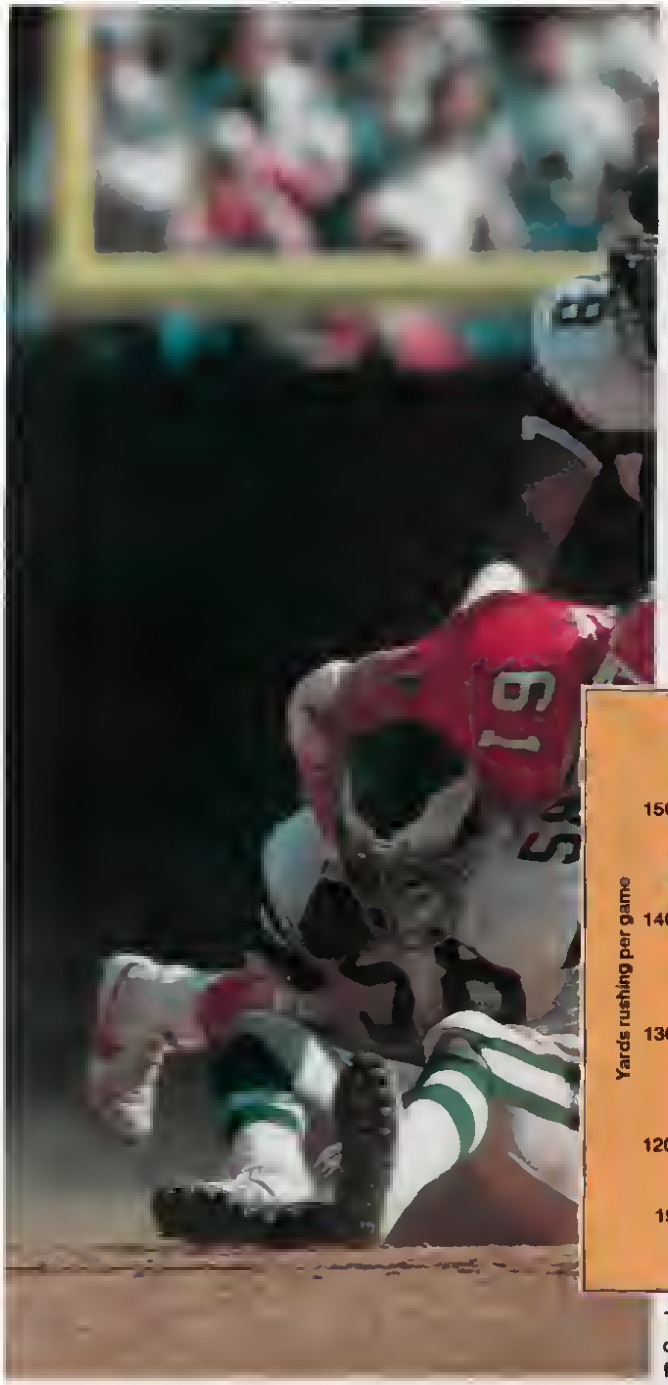


The Run Also Rises

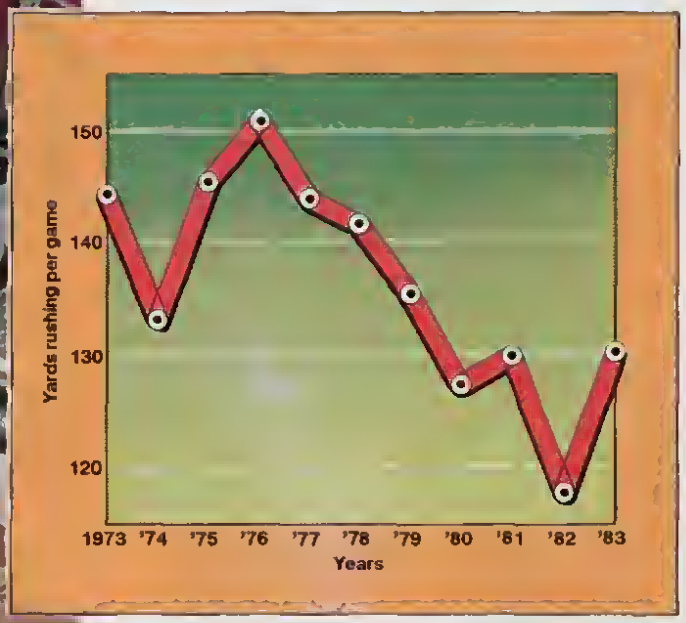
The rushing game is making a comeback in the pros, primarily because all the teams have got their defenses geared up to stop the passing attack

by PAUL ZIMMERMAN

Franco Harris is running wild. Walter Payton's got the giddyaps back in his legs. Tony Dorsett's blowing by 'em in Dallas. And look at those rookies. After five games Seattle's Curt Warner had more than doubled the '82 yardage of the Seahawks' leading rusher. Project Eric Dickerson's six-game rushing stats for the L.A. Rams over a full season and you've got 2,099 yards. Dickerson has gone over 190 yards twice already, and the last time an NFC runner got that many in a single game was in 1977.



Andrews, averaging 109 yards rushing per game, ground out 150 against the Eagles.



The number of yards rushing (per team per game), after steadily dropping from a postmerger peak of 150.6 in 1976, climbed in the first five weeks of the '83 season to its highest level since 1979.

New legs, old legs, it doesn't matter. Everybody's doing it. Take the Pittsburgh Steelers' Harris, a notoriously slow starter. Franco had three 100-yard games in his first five, the quickest he has come out of the blocks in his 12-year career. Usually in September and October he's just waking up. Chicago's Payton is off to his best start since 1980. Dorsett has 150 more yards than he did after six games last year—on seven fewer carries. Atlanta's William Andrews, Buffalo's Joe Cribbs, Cleveland's Mike Pruitt, Washington's John Riggins . . . they've never started better.

So what's happening? This is supposed to be the era of the pass, remember?

Dim the lights. Presenting, fresh from its long-run engagement in San Diego, that darling of the '80s, the formation everyone's talking about, the one-back. Just note the beautiful symmetry. Tight ends left and right. A wide receiver outside each of them. Quarterback under center, running back lined up directly behind him, forming the downstroke of a perfect T. Beautiful. Now start the music. One tight end goes in motion, stops, goes back the other way. The other tight end goes in motion and keeps going. One wide receiver jumps up a step. The other jumps back. Quarterback takes the snap, retreats seven yards and hands to the runner. He waits, checks the line for holes, guns his motor. Defense is waiting for a pass. It's always waiting for a pass these days. There's a hole. Bam, he's into it.

Now it's second-and-five, a passing down. Time for the defense to go into the

continued



Payton has been kicking up his heels against teams like the Broncos; Pruitt, who rushed for 107 yards against the Seahawks, is one of the players who likes the one-back.

nickel. Get those big linebackers off the field, bring in some smaller ones—pass defenders—and a fifth defensive back. Offense is changing, too. Now there are three wide receivers and one tight end, or maybe two runners and two wide-outs. (See diagram page 47.) Up front the defensive linemen are rushing the passer, sack happy. There's a blitzer coming, too. Everyone else is dropping back into coverage. Hey, we fooled you. Power sweep, two guards pulling, big guys blocking little guys. Make the nickel back play like a linebacker. Crunch! First down.

The long, agonizing drive. Eat up the clock. Keep your defense off the field, keep the enemy quarterback playing catch on the sidelines. The pendulum swings, and we welcome back, from the pages of history, the running game. This, of course, is a reaction to all that defense against the passing game, which grew wings when the NFL changed the rules, which were changed because everyone was stopping the pass. Got it?

"If there's a trend developing, I'm not aware of it, or at least it's not that noticeable," says Buffalo Coach Kay Stephenson. O.K., the guy's new. He'll learn. The first three times the Bills gained over 100

continued





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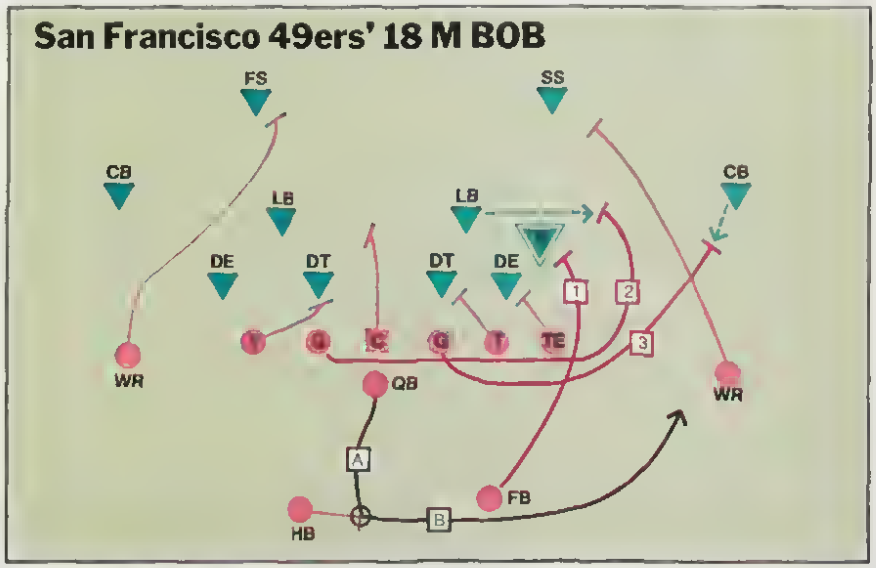
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yards rushing this year, they won. The two games that they've lost they were held to less than 100. The L.A. Raiders' offensive line coach, Sam Boghosian, is another who doesn't notice any great increase in running. Well, in 1981 the Raiders ratio of plays called was 45% run to 55% pass. In '82, when Marcus Allen came, it was roughly 50-50. This season, after six games, it's 54% run, 46% pass, with the same people.

Still not convinced? O.K., let's go to the charts. Two six-year trends have been reversed this season, both of which started when the NFL began introducing rules to help the passing game in 1977. The year before that, rushes per team per game (39.7) plus yards rushing per team per game (150.7) reached high-water marks for the postmerger era, but for the next six years both those figures dropped steadily. This year, through the first five weeks of play, the rushes-per-game statistic made a slight upward swing, but the yardage was up more dramatically—from 117.8 to 130.5, an 11% rise and the highest that figure has been since 1979. Even more striking, though, was the increase in yards per rush—4.1, fractionally higher than 1976 and the highest since 1972, when the hash marks were moved in, opening up the running game.

CHART AND DIAGRAM BY PAUL J. PUBLESE



Walsh versus the nickel: Quarterback (A) hands off to halfback (B), and the mismatches are on—fullback against nickel back (1), guards on linebacker (2) and cornerback (3).

"Everyone's afraid of a bombing," Raider Center Dave Dalby says, "so they're all playing pass defense and giving teams a lot more room to run."

Raider Linebacker Ted Hendricks puts it another way: "Running is up because we have so many sacks."

Very true. For years people figured the way to play pass defense was to rush three people and drop everyone else back into coverage. As those three poor souls on the defensive line spun their wheels, trying to fight through five blockers, sacks dropped sharply, and the passers set new records. In 1976 there were 9.98 sacks for every 100 passes, and then for five seasons the number showed a steady decline, reaching a low in 1981 of 7.19, a five-year decrease of 28%. The proliferation of designated blitzers, like Cleve-

continued

Riggins, the league's No. 5 alltime runner, started this season the way he left off last.



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A PURPOSE

BUCKLE UP FOR SAFETY

land's Chip Banks, the Giants' Lawrence Taylor and Pittsburgh's Robin Cole, reversed that trend in '82, upping the figure to 8.48, and through the first five games this year, with nickel backs and cornerbacks and safeties blitzing, sacks were up to 9.45 per 100 passes, the highest they've been since '77.

And one way to attack those sack-happy defenses is to run at them. Clubs are now running power sweeps on third and long, against five- and six-back sets with their blitzes and gimmicks.

"You're seeing more runs on third down than you used to," Chicago Wide Receiver Brian Baschnagel says. "I've even seen play action on third-and-long. You never used to see that."

Play action, meaning a pass play that starts out looking like a run. "It doesn't mean a thing unless you make the defense respect the run," says San Francisco Coach Bill Walsh. "Now defenders know they might see a run on third-and-long, so in a sense the run is setting up the pass again. But first, you've got to let 'em know you're not afraid to run."

"Defensive backs aren't as big and physical as they once were, due to the emphasis on the pass," says Baltimore Cornerback Larry Anderson, a 5′ 11″, 188-pounder, "and the running game takes a big toll on us. I broke my foot on a running play [on Sept. 25; he won't be back until at least November]. I had to take on a pulling guard."

Indeed, the big, strong, run-forcing cornerback, like Pittsburgh's Mel Blount, is becoming obsolete. The heavier running game may bring him back. "Defense is so specialized today," Blount says, "that a lot of backs don't have force responsibility. They just run up and down the field covering receivers."

Early use of extra-back defenses, like the nickel, certainly is the No. 1 reason the run is becoming fashionable, and it has produced some strange drives. Against Denver on Oct. 2, the Bears had a 15-play, 89-yard touchdown drive on which they passed on every first down and ran on the other downs.

There are some teams, however, that seem to have gone back to a general pound-away theory, basically as a more sensible way of doing things. New England Coach Ron Meyer, noticing that the Jets couldn't stop Seattle's running game and figuring that perhaps all that Sack Exchange publicity had turned the Jets' attention away from the good run-stopping techniques, ran the ball 28 times on 28 first downs in New York. The result was a 23–13 Patriot win and 328 yards rushing, including 212 for Tony Collins, the most by an AFC runner since O.J. Simpson ran for 273 in 1976.



Dickerson's 199-yard game versus Detroit was his second 190-plus day of the year.

In their second game, the Giants ran the ball on each of their 11 first downs in the first half and on each of their first six in the second half, and beat Atlanta. The following week the Giants tried the same tactic in a hard-fought loss to Dallas—12 for 12 at the start of the first half. The book always has been throw against Dallas on first down—"Teams have been doing that to Dallas since the days of Bart Starr and John Unitas," Cowboy Middle Linebacker Bob Breunig says—but Giant Coach Bill Parcells decided to hammer away. "Two reasons," Parcells says. "To keep our defense off the field and to set up the play-action passes in the second half."

Keep the defense off the field? You

hear that all the time, but what does it mean, really? The defense is going to have to play eventually, both clubs are going to have roughly the same number of possessions, and the whole idea is to score more times on your possessions than the other guy does on his. Unless your defense is injured or tires easily, keeping it off the field with long, grinding drives will hold the score down but won't guarantee a win. It's strange, but you hear it again and again.

For some coaches, the jury's still out on the effectiveness of the one-back offense, although it's fashionable now, since Washington and John Riggins bludgeoned people to death with it last year. Both Meyer and Parcells did their hammering out of a two-back set, reasoning that a big, tough back is a better blocking weapon than a swerving and swooping extra tight end.

New one-back converts, though, such as the Browns' Sam Rutigliano, feel it's a more versatile formation, and the blocking is better with the extra man on the line. Pruitt, Cleveland's one-back, says he can see the holes better out of this setup. The formation is a product of the fertile brain of San Diego Coach Don Coryell, who first used it at St. Louis in the mid-'70s, then took it with him to San Diego, using Kellen Winslow as the slotback/tight end. It was primarily for passing, but he could run from it, too, as Coryell's former offensive assistant, Joe Gibbs, proved in Washington.

"The run from the one-back is basically a four- or five-yard gain," says Walsh, who's more of a two-back man. "The whole trick for the defense is to attack the motion tight end before he can position himself correctly."

But, boy, has the one-back produced some fancy running stats. The theory is: Give your keynote runner the ball and don't mess around with the other guys. In the first five weeks of this season, there were 38 100-yard performances, including 10 of 150 yards or better. In the first five weeks last year, the numbers were 24 and two, in '81, 20 and five.

Offensive linemen say the emphasis on running has forced them to work on their drive-blocking skills again, techniques that had grown a little rusty. "I've got to admit," says 49ers Right Tackle Keith Fahnhorst, "that this year was the first time I'd worked on my run-blocking in a long time. After last year [the 49ers were 28th in the NFL in rushing], I figured, O.K., just don't get beat on pass protection and you'll last forever; but getting Wendell Tyler changed that. When you've got a good runner like that, you know damn well that if he's not getting his yards it's not his fault. So you'd better shape up." After three games this year Tyler already had more yards than the leading 49er rusher had all last season, but when Tyler separated his shoulder early in the fourth game, against Atlanta, the 49ers blocked just as aggressively for the other guys, and the rushing totals read 157 against the Falcons and 174 against the Patriots, both wins.

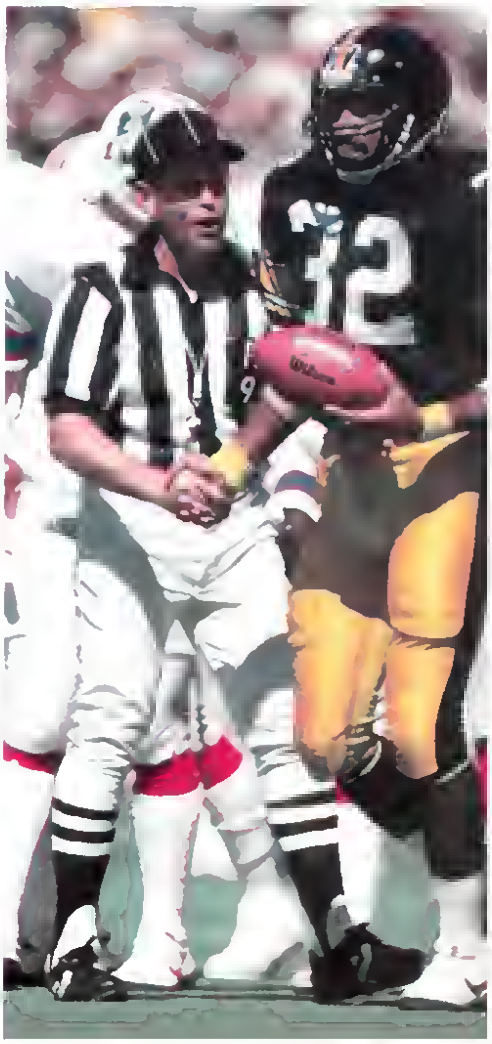
Oldtimers like 49er Linebacker Jack Reynolds say there's an even deeper reason why rushing yardage is up this year. Run-stopping skills are eroding. "It takes a whole new set of techniques to stop linemen coming out and grabbing you," he says. "Linebackers nowadays are blitzers and coverage guys or blown-up strong safeties. They don't rely so much on technique; they count on physical ability, which means their careers will be shorter. An older player can always fall back on technique, but these new guys, once they've lost a step, there will always be a younger, faster guy to replace them."

"I see a loss of basic run-stopping technique among defensive linemen," Walsh says. "Psychologically, they are into sacks, ravaging the quarterback. They learn to slip blocks, to rely on speed. And their skills against the run erode. But I see the running game coming back, and when that happens, the defense will adjust. Players like Jack Reynolds and Mel Blount will be valuable again."

And then maybe some bright young offensive coach will look at all those rugged, sturdy defenders and say, "Hey, I've got an idea. Let's throw the ball." **END**



Seattle's Warner knows how to turn the corner.



Harris got a hand and the ball after he replaced Simpson as the game's No. 2 runner.





Texas Reaches Out And Hooks In A Big One

The No. 2–ranked Longhorns came storming from behind to defeat archrival Oklahoma 28–16 and remain unbeaten

by DOUGLAS S. LOONEY

Fred Akers, coach of the Texas Longhorns, was talking his team through its pregame ritual of deep relaxation last Saturday morning in a Dallas hotel meeting room, three hours before the kickoff of the invariably tense annual game against Oklahoma. "Only when you are relaxed completely can you make strong commitments that last," he told them. Akers went on to discuss the kind of commitments he had in mind and to express what each of his players should be thinking: "My heart will nearly burn with the pride I have being here today. When I take the field, I intend to make headgear rattle. I will be electric. Nothing can happen that I can't handle. I intend to win at any cost. My poise and concentration cannot waver."

He then led the Longhorns from the hotel to the Cotton Bowl dressing room. There, Akers pushed back his cap and, borrowing from the title of the book that rests on his desk back in Austin, scribbled a tag line on a chalkboard to complete the thoughts he wanted to pass along. It read, "Tough times never last but tough people do."

Thus, fully armed philosophically, the Longhorns, ranked No. 2 by SI, charged onto the field and played a generally crummy first half—the game was tied 7–7 at intermission—but a perfectly marvelous second half. The highlight of their performance was a six-minute, 59-second span in the third quarter in which Texas hooked 'em for 21 points. Apparently it took a while for Akers' words to sink in. Said Oklahoma Coach Barry Switzer after his team had lost 28–16, "We were lucky they didn't score more points than they did."

Switzer, however, may have been too hard on himself. His Sooners got out there and mixed it up; they just got whipped by a better team. There's no shame in that. After all, the Longhorns, now 4–0, may well be better than everybody else in the country, too, with the exception of Nebraska.

They are a typical Texas-style team, composed of a hard-nosed, ornery defense and an offense that seems ordinary

and lacks a star at quarterback. Texas' last great one was Bobby Layne, who played in the mid-'40s. Nonetheless, the Longhorns somehow put points on the board. During a meeting last Friday evening with his players, Akers told them, "You win championships with hard-hitting defense. If you don't win *that* game, you don't win *the* game." The Texas D stopped Marcus Dupree in his tracks, limiting him to 50 yards on 14 carries; held the Sooners to only 197 yards in total offense; and denied them a first down on 12 of 13 third-down plays. (The Texas offense converted nine of 18 third-down attempts.) What's misleading about the Longhorn defenders is that they appear to be a group without standouts to compare with blasts from the past like Kenneth Sims, Tommy Nobis, Scott Appleton and Brad Shearer. That raises an interesting question: Is it that the Texas defense has no stars or are they all stars? Whatever, the Longhorns have allowed fewer yards per game (179.8) than any other team in the nation.

Leading the defense is Middle Linebacker Jeff Leiding, a free spirit who had 10 tackles Saturday. Says Leiding, "Some people say we're great. Some say we aren't. The statistics prove we are." Leiding is having fun. "They say these are the best years of your life, and I believe it," he says. Of course. He has just returned to form after having been sidelined during much of last month when he slashed open his leg while diving into a river. The cut required 16 stitches to close. He's the same guy who jumped an Austin curb in his truck and leveled a park bench. "I meant to jump the curb," he says. "I didn't mean to hit the bench." He's the same guy who tapped a hotel window while a recruit had his nose pressed to it. The glass shattered, and the prospective Longhorn became a Sooner. And he's the same guy who swallowed a fly as a freshman to prove his leadership abilities. But Leiding does have his standards: He refused to swallow a cockroach. "The main thing I've learned about football," he says, "is you've always got to keep coming back."

Texas did plenty of that on Saturday—the Longhorns fumbled four times and lost three of them—and in the process showed the kind of character that's becoming a hallmark of Akers' teams. As the critical span in the third quarter began, Oklahoma led 10–7. Now came an 80-yard Longhorn drive on 11 plays, highlighted by a spectacular 32-yard, third-and-one pass from Quarterback Rob Moerschell to Tailback Mike Luck that put Texas in business at the Oklahoma 39-yard line. Luck later explained he didn't catch the ball one-handed, as alleged, but had, in fact, snagged it with only two fingers. The play, which calls for Luck to get open any way he can and to start looking for the ball eight yards downfield, was one Akers had talked up all week as a winner. Eight plays later, Fullback Ronnie Robinson ran inside for two yards and the score.

continued





The most spectacular play in the Longhorns' third-quarter rally was Luck's leaping fingertip grab, which was good for 32 yards.



Davis' two-yard run completed the second scoring drive in Texas' third-quarter spurt.

TEXAS-OKLAHOMA *continued*

Then, just 20 seconds after that, Cornerback Mossy Cade intercepted a pass from Sooner Quarterback Danny Bradley intended for Split End Buster Rhymes at the Sooner 30 and returned it to the 20. Said Bradley afterward, "I'm not going to point fingers at anyone, but I hit him in the left shoulder. It was a catchable ball." If Rhymes had made the grab, the play would have been an 83-yard Oklahoma touchdown and would have given the game a different flavor. As it turned out, another fullback, Ervin Davis, one of 11 Texas backs who played, crashed, bashed and smashed his way over from the two with the help of fine blocking from Luck. Abruptly, the Longhorns were ahead 21–10.

Late in the quarter, with Texas back on its own 33, the Longhorn coaches decided to be very careful. "Dial safe if not sure," is the way Ronnie Thompson, an offensive assistant coach, put it. So Texas ran one of football's oldest plays—off-tackle and straight ahead. On this occasion, though, freshman Tailback Edwin Simmons, thanks to a block from yet another fullback, Terry Orr, stepped through the hole and breezed into the clear. With long and glorious strides, the 6′ 4″, 226-pound Simmons ran for a 67-yard touchdown to put Texas up 28–10.

Simmons admits he's not ready to be a starter, and he says he's glad Akers "has brought me along little by little." The point is, he's not the Longhorns' new Earl Campbell. Yet Simmons' left leg is one inch shorter than his right and that prompts him to explain, "If I run on my left leg, I'm six-feet, four inches and too tall to be a running back. But when I run on my right leg, I'm six-foot three, the same as Chuck Muncie." Actually, Muncie's only 6′ 2″, but what's an inch among great backs.

Simmons' 67-yard run was reminiscent of a 63-yard dash by Dupree in last year's Oklahoma-Texas game. This time around, Dupree wasn't a factor, and, in fact, he remains an enigma. His poorest performances this season have been in the Sooners' biggest games, against Ohio State and Texas. In the 24–14 loss to the Buckeyes, he gained only 30 yards on six carries before sitting out the second half with a bruised nerve in his left leg. To be fair, Oklahoma's offensive line hasn't distinguished itself. The suspicion is that one of these days, when Dupree puts his mind and remarkable body to it, he will become the player Switzer and everyone expected him to be after his dazzling freshman season of 1982.

Contributing enormously to the Texas attack Saturday was the blocking of 6′3″, 263-pound Right Guard Doug Dawson, who says, "We like to blow people off the ball and outmuscle them." Dawson, who has a pillow in his dorm room that says HERE LIES A WORKAHOLIC, was the single most effective player on the field, although his performance went unnoticed by many. "The idea," explains Dawson, "is to dominate your man all afternoon

continued



Simmons may be 6′ 4″ on his left leg, 6′ 3″ on his right, but by any measure he flies.

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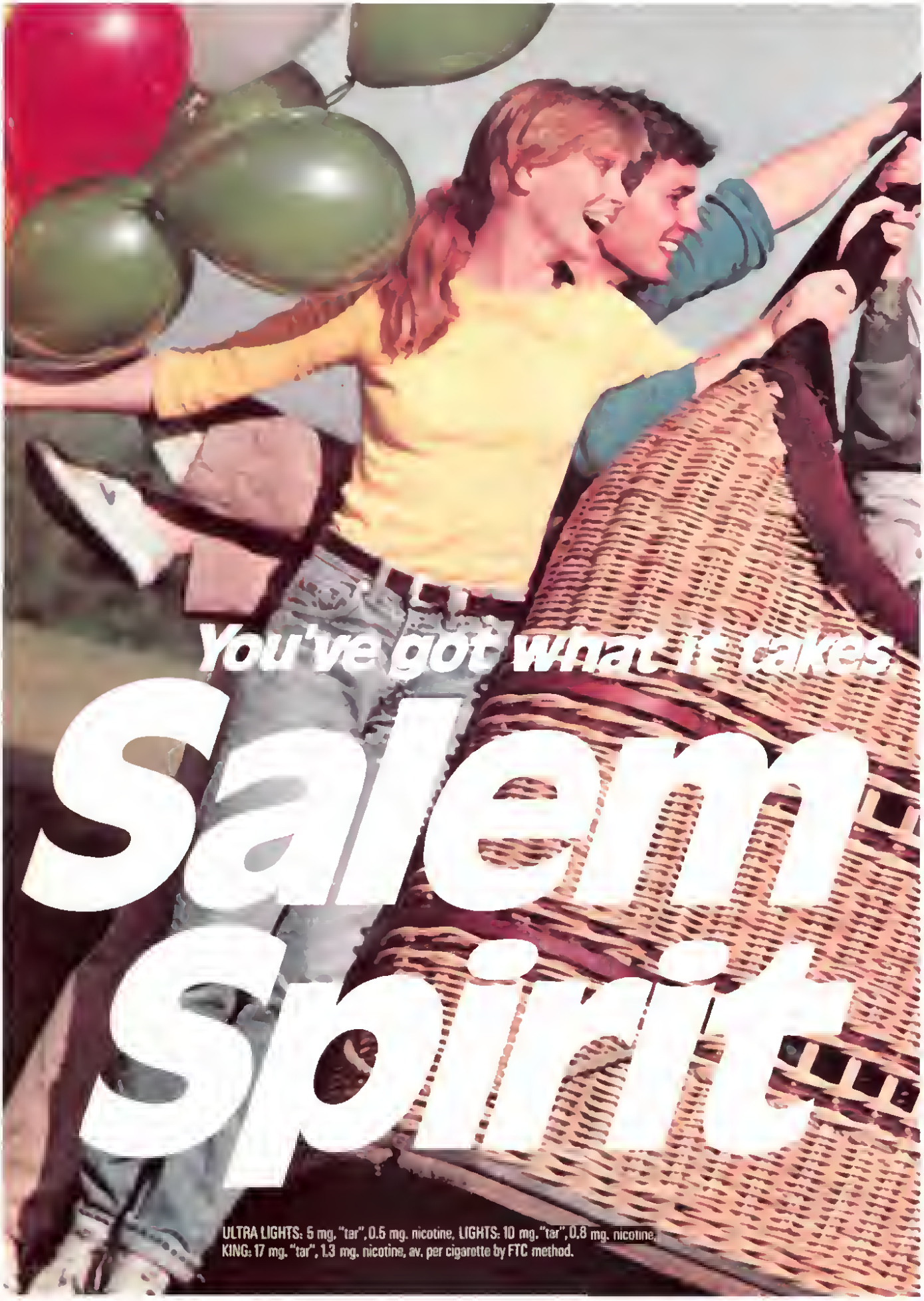
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The rugged play of Cade, who made a key interception before breaking up this pass, typified the performance of the Texas D.

and feel good about yourself. Nobody knows how we did except us."

The Sooners know how they did, and they aren't amused. A 3–2 record is cause for alarm in Norman, and even *Sooners Illustrated*, a weekly publication during the football season, reported recently, "This is now an Oklahoma football team which is forced to think more about what's wrong with itself than about the upcoming opponents." Says Defensive Tackle Rick Bryan, "Great teams are able to overcome their mistakes. We haven't done that yet this season." But chances are good that they will, and also good that come Thanksgiving weekend, Oklahoma once again will play Nebraska for the Big Eight title. Should the Sooners win that game, the loss to Texas would be eminently forgettable.

Meanwhile in Austin, football is in the ascendant, and Akers gets the credit. Ever since becoming coach in 1977 he has worked to improve on an already highly successful program. Time was he chafed in the terribly long shadow of his legendary predecessor, Darrell Royal. But that's no longer a problem. The turning point came Jan. 1, 1982 when Akers' Longhorns upset third-ranked Alabama 14–12 in the Cotton Bowl.

He's succeeding grandly at Texas—his record is 59–16–1—for a lot of reasons, but the main one seems to be his ability to get his message across to his players. For example, before the Oklahoma game Akers told his team, "We like the slashing and banging and blows delivered in a tough football game. This is your kind of game. You're going to love it." The emotion flowed almost visibly from the players. You could see it in their eyes. So could Akers, who also told them, "We're partial to fiery eyes when we play these kinds of games." When the players look at Akers and respond, "Yes, sir," they believe—in him and in themselves.

Moments after Saturday's game ended, Akers jumped on two chairs in the dressing room and shouted, "Congratulations on believing in yourselves. You can't roll up anybody better than you did Oklahoma in the second half."

Yes, sir, strong commitments and tough people do last. END







Why a duck?—GROUCHO MARX, *Duck Soup*

Last fall, at the moment the Philadelphia 76ers traded him and a No. 1 draft choice to the Houston Rockets for Moses Malone, Caldwell Jones caught a live duck while he was fishing off New Jersey. Why a duck? Perhaps because ending up in Houston, when on the whole you'd rather be in Philadelphia, is the NBA's equivalent of hooking a bird on a fishing line. What's more, events of great significance—and any one of the 1.7 million people who witnessed the 76ers' championship parade down Broad Street in June can tell you how significant the Malone trade was—often have memorable props. The sale of Manhattan had its $24 in trinkets. The burning of Rome had its emperor's fiddle. The Malone-for-Jones deal had its duck. Why not a duck?

The land near the Yazoo Delta is so flat that it's a wonder the Mississippi River can even flow through it. It seems to get flatter as time goes on, too, what with all the clear-cutting that's being done to open up new farmland. If Caldwell Jones Sr. were a run-of-the-mill 70-year-old, the removal of some trees probably would not matter much to him. But he still

Basketball is the route by which the six brothers Jones, all 6′ 8″ or taller, have traveled from home in McGehee, Ark. to Albany (Ga.) State and beyond

by ALEXANDER WOLFF

It's A Mighty Good Road

drives his tractor over 48 acres of soybeans on the outskirts of McGehee, Ark., and he and his wife, Cecilia, would like to see some trees left standing. They're partial to verticals. You get that way when you've raised six boys 6′ 8″ or taller.

These six, the youngest of the Joneses' seven boys and one girl, are also the first six guys on the alltime rebounding list at Albany State College, a predominantly black school in southwest Georgia, where the land is predominantly red and even rolls a little. At least one Jones has been at Albany State each season since 1961, when the 6′ 8″ Oliver enrolled.

This fall, the 40-year-old Oliver, who had 1,255 career rebounds at State and was the Cincinnati Royals' 13th draft pick and a late cut in 1965, begins his 12th season as coach of the Division II Albany State Golden Rams, defending champions of the Southern Intercollegiate Athletic Conference. Melvin, 36, 6′ 9″, 1,926 rebounds, who had a shot with the ABA's Denver Rockets in 1968, is Oliver's unpaid assistant when he's not working as a supervisor at Procter & Gam-



It takes something the size of a trolley car to hold all the basketball Joneses: (from left) Charles, Oliver, Wilbert, Melvin, Caldwell and Major.

ble's Albany paper products plant. Wilbert, 36, 6′ 8″, 1,656 rebounds and a nine-year pro with three ABA and two NBA clubs, has run an Atlanta recreation center since 1980. Caldwell, 33, 7 feet, 2,216 rebounds, is a sometime duck fisherman who soon will begin his 11th pro season, with Houston. Major, 30, 6′ 9″, 2,052 rebounds, is a reserve forward with the Rockets who, after hearing of the Malone-for-Jones trade, said, "I'm losing my best friend and gaining a brother." Charles, 26, 6′ 9″, 1,378 rebounds, who is in the New York Knicks' training camp, doesn't like to be compared to his brothers, as we shall see.

Credit the late Robert Rainey, another Arkansan, for starting the Jones family's march to Georgia. Before he came to Albany State in 1960, teams like Florida A&M would blow into Albany and fleece the Rams. Oliver was one of the first players Rainey brought in; he was a rough-edged kid Rainey had taught seventh-grade science to back in McGehee. Of all the Jones boys, Rainey affected Oliver most profoundly. Oliver became Rainey's assistant in 1970 and succeeded him when he died of a heart attack before the 1972-73 season. "We ran the four corners in '61," Oliver says. "We had only one big man—me—and 6′ 3″ and 6′ 1″ forwards and 5′ 11″ and 5′ 7″ guards. Coach Rainey sat me down and said, 'Jones, you're all the size we got. We need you to sacrifice your scoring for rebounding and defense.' "

Groucho gets the epigraph; let's save the concluding sentence of that last quote for the Jones boys' epitaph.

Most of pro basketball's best defensive centers have been Southerners. The Louisiana towns of Shreveport and Ber-

continued

nice and Monroe produced Robert Parish, Willis Reed and Bill Russell, respectively. Cordele, Ga. gave us Tree Rollins, and Macon, Ga., Elmore Smith. From Chipley, Fla. came Artis Gilmore; from Tylertown, Miss., George T. Johnson.

McGehee fits neatly into basketball's defensive gazetteer. Caldwell has twice been the center on the NBA All-Defensive Team, and he twice led the ABA in blocked shots. Houston deploys Major when it needs bolder defense and rebounding. Wil was selected to the ABA's all-defense first team in 1974-75. In 1979-80 Charles set league records for blocks in a game (11) and a season (185) while playing for Maine in the Continental Basketball Association, a minor pro league. Says Melvin: "When we were young, all the things we did when we weren't playing basketball helped develop quickness and speed and judgment. We'd go into the woods and jump from tree to tree, like Tarzan. Miss a limb, you'd hit the ground."

The Joneses raised cotton and okra and soybeans, and hogs and cows and chickens, but no ducks. Clint, the eldest and a mere 6′ 6″, now a construction worker in St. Louis, enjoyed farm work. So did Charles. But the others, including 6′ 1″ sister Clovis, who's a computer programmer in Arverne, N.Y., could do without it. "Best thing that happened to me," says Major, whose left leg bears a scar from a bean knife, "was when they got the cotton picker." Caldwell adds, "I've plowed it, chopped it and picked it. Done everything to cotton except make a shirt." Oliver laughs when he says, "Being seven feet tall, bending over a two-foot cotton stalk. . . ."

Today, McGehee's economy is suffering. King Cotton has long since abdicated, a stop sign stands where the traffic light once did, and both movie houses the Joneses used to frequent have closed up. "We did the same things everybody else did," Major says. "We ran away from home—'til it got dark. And threw walnuts at the chickens." But mostly they played the game their father called "that jumpin' and jumpin'." "At first we took a barrel hoop and nailed it up on the side of the smokehouse," Oliver says. "But it began tearing the boards away." So Caldwell Sr. decided to plant a pole in the turf next to the farmhouse. The Joneses' yard became an alfresco gym, with neighbors and cousins stopping by to play three on three and visit under the pecan tree.

"We never had that much, but by the same token we never went hungry," Wil says. "We learned to appreciate life. Our parents instilled in us that you get out of life what you put in." Moses Malone says of the Joneses, "They're good people, really down to earth. Nothing gets them upset. When Caldwell fouls, he acts like nothing happened."

"It's going to be one hell of a girl who marries Caldwell," says David Vann, the manager of the softball team in Philadelphia that Caldwell and Charles play on. "Southern men have their own will. You don't tell them what to do or when to do it. His agent's got to be some man to tell C.J. what to do with his money."

That man is Tom Meehan of Fresno, Calif., who has represented Wil, Caldwell, Major and Charles, investing their money in, among other things, several movies, including a horror film about some giant cockroaches that devour

continued



In their McGehee home, Cecilia and Caldwell Sr. hardly have room to store the hardware their six sons have earned "jumpin' and jumpin'."


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Caldwell (left) and Major were reunited last year when Caldwell was traded to Houston.

Fresno, a project that especially intrigues Caldwell. "I'd never act, though," he says. "Too many takes!" Besides, the Joneses aren't actors. They're observers. So let's just lay back and observe a Jones as he takes in the world

It's noon on a sticky Albany day, and Melvin is out to score some beef at one of those cafeteria-style steakhouses now endemic to the outskirts of so many towns, where a number on your tray indicates what your order is and waitresses cruise the dining area offering free refills of whatya drinkin'. Halfway through the serving line Melvin finds himself opposite a kid busy slinging dollops of sour cream into baked potatoes. The kid looks up. And up. "How's the weather up there?" the kid says, not unpleasantly. Over the years this query has elicited ripostes ranging from "It's raining," followed by a shower of saliva, to "You look like a monkey, why don't you climb up and see." But Melvin just shrugs.

"Hot air rises," Melvin says softly, adding a smile, and nudges his tray down toward the Jell-O cubes.

That scene could have been played by any of the other Joneses, who are similarly droll. To be one of them is to be a vertical Mississippi riverbed. Life flows right over you, yet never passes you by.

"Darryl Dawkins [Caldwell's erstwhile 76er teammate] always wanted to be as cool as Caldwell," says a friend of both. "But he just didn't know how." Adds Franklin Edwards, the young Sixers guard, "Caldwell's the classiest person I've ever met. I've tried to model myself after him. He speaks to everybody, not at anybody." And Vann says: "He knows how to deal with people. If fans disrespect him, he's got a great way of dealing with that. He just doesn't look down. When you're seven feet tall, that's easy."

For a long time, basketball people didn't even pay Caldwell enough mind to actively disrespect him. "It was reported that the Arkansas coach [then Duddy Waller] had said Caldwell wasn't college material," recalls Oliver. "Too thin."

So Caldwell played three seasons under Rainey, and then in his senior year, 1972-73, Oliver took over. Major was a freshman and the Rams were loaded. They drew Transylvania in the first round of the NCAA College Division playoffs. Caldwell drew two fouls in the first 17 seconds and fouled out in a 72–71 overtime loss.

It was a bitter end to Caldwell's college career, especially since the pros hadn't rated him highly. Still, Philadelphia picked him in the second round, and even though the Sixers were coming off the worst season in NBA history—9–73—they balked at his $40,000-a-year contract demand because Coach Gene Shue and General Manager Don DeJardin thought him too light at 215 pounds.

So Caldwell turned late to the ABA, whose Virginia Squires had just traded his rights to the San Diego Conquistadors. Caldwell signed with the Q's after one day in camp and, playing for Coach Wilt Chamberlain, was beaten out by Swen Nater in Rookie of the Year balloting. When San Diego folded in 1975, Caldwell stayed in the ABA, first going to Kentucky and then joining Malone in St. Louis. In the ABA Caldwell was known as a stalwart defender who could score; he averaged 15.8 points per game

continued



When they play three on three, the Joneses lack for a ball handler but not for rebounders or defenders.

in three ABA seasons. Meanwhile, Pat Williams had taken over as the 76ers' general manager; he finally signed Jones to a future contract set to begin in 1977-78 but got him a year early when the NBA and ABA merged. The team Caldwell joined in Philly—Julius Erving,







Rec center director Wilbert (above right), Coach Oliver (above) and player Major each use basketball to stay off the farm.

George McGinnis, Lloyd Free, Doug Collins, Joe Bryant and the rest—was one on which everyone wanted and needed the ball. Shue didn't even have to say it to Jones: *We need you to sacrifice your scoring for rebounding and defense.*

Over the six seasons Caldwell played in Philadelphia, no individual, not even the sainted Erving, better epitomized the team's fate of doing well but falling short: three trips to the NBA finals with no championship ring. Jones would simply do his job and the Sixers usually won, but on those rare occasions when he played poorly they often lost, a circumstance he accepted philosophically.

But just because Caldwell had the stoic constitution to cope with defeat didn't mean he acquiesced to it. A reporter once asked him to name his greatest thrill as a pro. Caldwell, who is a cartoon aficionado, whimsically replied it had been a Saturday morning, the day *The Flintstones* went from a half hour to a whole hour. Yet he chafed at another writer's suggestion that, win or lose, he was content with Fred and Barney once a week.

Cut to the aftermath of that fishing trip, the one that turned into a ducking trip. It fell to Vann to break the news of the trade to Caldwell over the phone after he had returned home. "He just said, 'Solid,' " Vann says. "Like someone had told him his shirts were ready. That night we went out, and I was staring in my beer, moping. And he said, 'Wait a minute. We came to praise C.J., not to bury him. Hey, Dave, it's just a business.' "

Exit Jones to the Rockets, a collection of marginal talents that Major has likened to "a dispersal draft." Houston started Caldwell in the middle, used Major occasionally off the bench and went 14–68. Something about it was unnatural. In one Rocket-Sixer game, Philadelphia Coach Billy Cunningham found himself yelling instructions to C.J. by mistake. "It was the longest season I've ever had," Caldwell says.

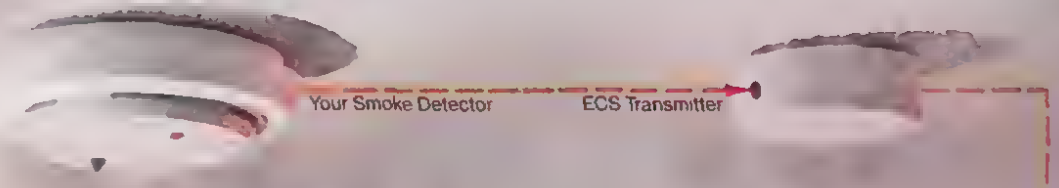
For Major it was longer still. One evening in Houston, after overindulging a taste for beer, which he shares with his brothers, he was picked up for drunk driving and spent a night in the Harris County Jail, which isn't to be confused with former Coach Del Harris' doghouse, though Major got to know the inside of that, too.

Major had drifted among teams in the CBA, the Western Basketball Association and the All-America Basketball Alliance after abortive tryouts with Portland, Buffalo and Atlanta in 1976 and '77. Meehan, then general manager and president of the WBA's Fresno Stars, drummed up some NBA interest in Major after he averaged 21 points and 14 rebounds a game for Fresno in 1978-79. But he tore up his knee on the eve of a tryout with the Celtics the next season, and not until he got a shot with the Rockets in 1980 did he hook on for good.

Of all the brothers, Major had the most enthusiastic high school notices and the most rugged body. And he withdrew his name from the NBA hardship draft after his junior year at Albany State, but not because he felt a commitment to academics or to his brother the coach. He did it for Charles, the most countrified of the Joneses. Before Charles had *run* his first windsprint for the Desha Central freshman team, his name had appeared on several scholastic All-America lists.

continued

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Scouts and writers passing through to see Major assumed Charles would be the family's next star.

"Anytime Charles would do something wrong," Oliver says, "the coach would say, 'If that had been Major . . .' or 'If that had been Caldwell . . .' One day Charles said, 'O.K., you find yourself another Jones,' and walked out."

The Desha coach visited the Jones house, vainly pleading with the father to intercede. "I told Charles he was on his own," says Caldwell Sr. "You make your bed soft or you make your bed hard, 'cause you're the one who's got to sleep on it. When he asked me one day before his last year, 'If I start playing ball, will you come see me?' I said sure. And he said, 'I'm thinking about it.' "

Charles had one splendid season under a new high school coach, but he just as easily could have chosen life on the farm over college if it hadn't been for the chance to play with Major. When Cunningham cut him from the Sixers' roster before last season, he said the club wasn't satisfied with Charles's point production. Charles had taken it for granted. *We need you to sacrifice your scoring. . .*

Melvin, on the other hand, couldn't have done more than rebound and play defense. "Melvin threw a good outlet pass and was a great intimidator," says Wil. "And he had a real knack for rebounding. Of all of us, he probably made the most of his skills."

Yet there are those who think Wil is the one who has made the most of his considerable talent. He was the last of the brothers to attend McGehee's segregated Wolf Project High and the last to farm without mechanization. "Wil spent a lot of time by himself working on his game," says Alvin Williams, a cousin from McGehee who is now a high school coach in Chicago. "Even when he was little, he worked on fancy ball handling. He could do more things with a ball than any of the brothers."

Wil could attack a press or fill a lane on the break and wasn't a bad shooter. But defense, of course, was his forte, as he proved in 1974-75, when he played for the ABA champion Kentucky Colonels. When asked who gave him the most trouble on defense, Erving, then playing for the ABA New York Nets, said, "I'm not sure who No. 2 is, but No. 1 is Wil Jones."

He'd like to try assistant coaching and sent the Atlanta Hawks a résumé after Kevin Loughery was named coach before the 1981-82 season, but he didn't get an interview. "I always say work, but don't work too hard," says Wil. "That same work'll be there when you're gone."

Oliver's credo is posted over the desk in his office: THE FIRST LINE OF BUSINESS IS TO MIND YOUR OWN BUSINESS. IF YOU HAVE NO BUSINESS, MAKE IT YOUR BUSINESS TO LEAVE OTHER PEOPLE'S BUSINESS ALONE. His first line of business is to win a Division II title. He has already made Albany State a consistent winner, going 179–120 over his 11 seasons. "He's a quiet leader," says Fred (Doc) Suttles, voice of the Rams for 10 years. "A Bud Grant type." But Oliver has been vocal about the need for a bigger place to play for his team, which regularly packs ramshackle, 1,800-seat Sanford Hall on campus. After much debate, the city has finally built an 8,600-seat arena within several hundred yards of the college.



Caldwell was all wet as an off-season softballer.

And Oliver has a new drawing card: 6′ 3″ John Somerville, who last season became the Rams' first white player ever (16% of the student body is now nonblack). Somerville, who is from Chicago, was Oliver's personal recruiting project. "All John knew about us was that we were a Division II school, ranked Number Two in *Jet* magazine," Oliver says. "I talked to his whole family on the phone and a relationship started to build."

Oliver remembers Somerville's visit in May of 1982 with great satisfaction. Caldwell was in Boston with the Sixers, already down 1–0 in a best-of-seven series for the Eastern Conference title. On a balmy evening in Georgia, Oliver and his recruit cooled out by the TV set in his living room as they watched Caldwell score a season-high 22 points. The 76ers bagged Game 2 121–113, and Oliver bagged his white guard.

The Sixers' series with Boston became a classic: Philly going up 3–1, but losing the next two, thus necessitating a trip back to Boston for a seventh game. The Sixers were in need of a verbal whipping, and their leader, Erving, knew that. But the team also had several young, delicate and vital parts. *Jones, we need for you to sacrifice . . .*

The Doctor approached Jones, asking him to agree to be his target in a closed-door team meeting. Typically, Caldwell consented. The next day C.J. had 10 rebounds and smothered Boston Center Robert Parish, as Philly romped to a 120–106 victory. C.J., normally the most reserved Sixer, was the most exuberant in the locker room afterward. "This is the alltime best!" he yelled. For Caldwell, it would be just that. Philadelphia had made the finals but would lose to L.A. in six games. Then would come the trade for Malone.

The morning after the Sixers swept the Lakers last spring, they flew back to Philadelphia. Andrew Toney, Maurice Cheeks, Earl Cureton and Edwards drove the few minutes to Caldwell's town house. Cureton, the team's toastmaster, leaped from the car, bounded into the house and, like a punch-drunk Eddie Haskel, helped himself to two cans of beer from the icebox. He cracked both open and gave one to Caldwell. Aluminum kissed aluminum, and Cureton turned to face his teammates. "There," he said. "Now it's official." **END**



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An official ruled Gothard made his apparent game-winning reception out of bounds.

They're Lion low no more

Penn State regained a good deal of pride by upsetting Alabama 34–28



by Craig Neff

In recent weeks, Penn State football fans had split into dozens of well-defined factions, ranging from the Joe-Should-Be-Wearing-More-Blue-and-White traditionalists to the We're-Lion-Low cynics. The Nittany Lions' horrendous *0–3* start—the worst in 44 years by a defending national champion and the poorest in 19 years by Penn State—had been so puzzling to them that they were blaming everything from Coach Joe Paterno's failure to dress in school colors to the hiring of a new radio play-by-play man. Some fans even subscribed to the Logo Theory, which attributed State's troubles to a stylish new lion's-head emblem that has been sweeping the campus. "Whatever's been wrong, it's been embarrassing," said Defensive Tackle Greg Gattuso early last week. "You feel like walking around in a disguise."

On Saturday afternoon, though, all that had changed. The Lions had won two straight games, and the largest home crowd in Penn State history—85,614 fans, most of them wearing 'TERNO THE TIDE buttons—had jammed into Beaver Stadium to watch them play unbeaten and fourth-ranked Alabama. Penn State responded with its best performance of the season as Lion freshman sensation D.J. Dozier rushed for 163 yards and rookie Quarterback Doug Strang, a junior, threw for 241 yards and three touchdowns. All told, the two teams combined for nearly 1,100 yards in offense, the Nittany Lions rolling up a 34–7 third-quarter lead before the Tide responded with a furious rally. Now, one play remained. With 0:01 to go, Alabama still trailed 34–28 but had the ball on Penn State's two-yard line. The crowd was on its feet, delirious. Here, as it turned out, 'Bama needed the disguise.

All afternoon in such short-yardage situations, the Tide had run a play called Toss 28—a pitchout to the tailback moving right—and had never gained fewer than seven yards with it. Gattuso remembered that. So did Lion Defensive End Steve Sefter and Cornerback Mark Fruehan. As Alabama's offense lined up, Gattuso shifted one step to his left. Toss 28, all three thought, clear as day. Said Fruehan later, "I could sense it coming."

And it came. Alabama Quarterback Walter Lewis pitched the ball to Tailback Kerry Goode, who swept to his right—

continued

and saw Sefter facing him on the outside, Gattuso on the inside and Fruehan in the middle. Fruehan met Goode head on at the line of scrimmage, and Gattuso smothered him from behind. No gain. In an instant the crowd was swarming across the field. "We are . . . Penn State! We are . . . Penn State!" the fans roared. Lion players, in the flush of a three-game victory streak, were soon speaking of bowl bids and of perhaps becoming the first team in history to start 0–3 and finish 9–3. Their season, it was agreed, had been turned around.

But had it? Alabama had piled up 598 yards and on another day might have



Dozier got one of his 163 yards on this over-the-top plunge that put the Lions up 31–7.

blown Penn State clear out of Happy Valley. The Tide had been sloppy and star-crossed, losing three fumbles, three interceptions and—on a questionable out-of-bounds call on a pass from Lewis to Tight End Preston Gothard in the Penn State end zone with eight seconds left—the apparent winning touchdown. A clipping penalty had negated another 'Bama TD. Though Penn State's play had been more spirited than in previous games and its offense more potent, the Lions had still nearly blown a 27-point lead in only 15 minutes.

Penn State's problems began last winter, in the joyous aftermath of its 27–23 Sugar Bowl victory over Georgia. Although that win wrapped up both an 11–1 season—the only loss had been to Alabama—and the national title for the Lions, it also ended the college careers of 12 senior starters, among them two-time All-America Tailback Curt Warner and superb Defensive End Walker Lee Ashley. It also helped convince star Quarterback Todd Blackledge that Penn State had enough talent to continue winning without him; in February he decided to pass up his final year of eligibility and turn pro.

So good were the 13 departees that eight of them now play in the NFL and three are in the USFL. Replacing them, obviously, was a major chore. It didn't help any that Warner's scheduled successor, senior Jon Williams, hurt his right knee in a February skiing accident and his left knee in the third game. Or that, with only three untested quarterbacks available to succeed Blackledge, the team elected to play powerful Nebraska in an Aug. 29 season opener. "Hey, I didn't vote to play 'em," says Paterno. "I was dead set against it, but it was what the kids wanted."

The kids weren't so thrilled when Nebraska crushed them 44–6. "We were pretty much demoralized," says Gattuso. Morale sagged further when the Lions were shocked 14–3 by unheralded Cincinnati and then lost 42–34 to Iowa. Not since 1939, when TCU dropped its first four games en route to a 3–7 record, had a defending national champion opened so poorly. "We weren't Penn State; we were just another team going through the motions," says All-America Defensive Back Mark Robinson, who was knocked out for the season against 'Bama, with a broken right fibula. "It was hard to stomach." Even when the Lions won their next two games, 23–18 over Temple and 36–25 over Rutgers, they showed the same weaknesses: a feeble pass rush, a vulnerable secondary, excessive turnovers and inexperienced quarterbacking. In both victories they barely held off late-game comebacks.

All of which led to a little friction. "It was almost a situation where we were asking, 'Are [the coaches] for us or against us,' " says Robinson. After the Cincinnati defeat, the players held a long gripe session among themselves, airing a wide range of concerns. "When you lose a couple of games, you start to feel a little animosity on the squad," says Robinson. "The seniors start to say, 'Oh, the coaches are giving up on us too early. They're looking toward the future and sacrificing this season, and all that.' Everybody had to get things off his chest."

The team captains passed on the complaints to Paterno, who, characteristically, listened. His greatest frustration, he says, has been that "the guys are too tense. I just can't get them to relax and enjoy playing football. You start losing, you get tense, you're afraid to make mistakes, you lose some more. Nobody believes me, but I don't care if I lose every game. Heck, I'm not going to get fired. I'll be happy as long as we're improving every week and the guys are having fun. Geez, you only play football because you enjoy it."

Paterno finally settled on Strang as his quarterback and made wholesale changes to shore up the secondary, but still the Lions struggled. A few fans began to boo. Reporters began to ask tougher questions. Suddenly a couple of writers were taking potshots at Paterno, claiming that he wasn't a classy loser. "I don't read newspapers [during the fall]," he says, "and my secretary handles all my hate mail, which I'll answer after the season."

Paterno has been testy with the media at times this fall. When one reporter asked him to compare Dozier with Warner, he snapped, "Aw, just let the kid play, O.K.?" Then, three days before the Alabama game, amid the 1,000th round

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of questioning about Penn State's 1983 difficulties, Paterno let loose something of a diatribe. "I think some of my players are shooting their mouths off too much," he said. "That's been part of the problem with this team from the beginning. We had some people who made some statements before we ever played a game, about how good we were going to be here, how good we were going to be there and what have you. You don't win any games by talking about it. We'd be better off if we'd kept our mouths shut."

Nevertheless, whether this year or next, both Paterno and his Lions are headed for happier days. Besides the rapidly improving Strang, who going into this season hadn't started a game since high school, Penn State is loaded with good freshmen and sophomores, six of whom already play regularly. Most notable among them is the 6' 1", 196-pound Dozier, who took over the starting tailback position from Williams in mid-September and since then has had four consecutive 100-yard games. Dozier has already broken the Nittany Lions' freshman rushing record, with 619 yards on 92 carries, and has unleashed spectacular slashing runs of 64, 57 and 50 yards. "I think before the year is over everybody in Pennsylvania is going to forget Curt Warner," said Alabama Coach Ray Perkins on Saturday. "From where I was standing it looked as if [Dozier] had gained 300 yards."

Dozier, a quiet 18-year-old from Virginia Beach, Va., grew up idolizing O.J. Simpson, though those who saw him play in high school likened him to Kelvin Bryant. At Penn State, on the other hand, his teammates say the similarities between Dozier and Warner, both in running style and personality, are eerie. "You could tell back in camp that D.J. was something special, that he had something only God gives you," says Kenny Jackson, the Lions' All-America flanker. "He's going to leave his mark here."

None of the Lions wants to leave his mark as being part of Penn State's first sub-.500 team since 1938; the school takes pride in having the longest streak of non-losing seasons in NCAA history. But the 1983 defeats may pay off in the long run. "I'm excited for these guys next year," says Gattuso. "They're going to have a great team. For one thing, they'll have picked up a valuable lesson from us." He paused and then grinned weakly. "Just too bad we had to learn it."

THE WEEK

by N. BROOKS CLARK

SOUTH To warn his team against a letdown in their game with Louisville, Miami Coach Howard Schnellenberger attached two paragraphs to the back of each player's scouting report on the Cardinals. One was headed: "The importance of this game if we win." The other was entitled "The importance of this game if we lose." Schnellenberger used this sort of ploy all week, and it seemed to do the trick. In a 42–14 victory, the Hurricane line gave Bernie Kosar six and seven seconds of protection on nearly every pass play, and Running Back Albert Bentley rushed for 152 yards.

Playing before the largest crowd (74,500) in the history of South Carolina's Williams-Brice Stadium, Notre Dame didn't want to give the hometown fans a chance to get excited. "It was a priority to take the crowd out of the game early," said Tailback Allen Pinkett, who ran 53 yards on the Irish's first offensive play to set up a field goal. Notre Dame Coach Gerry Faust asked the officials to stop the South Carolina band from playing when his team had the ball, and the Irish scored on their first five possessions to take much of the wind out of the crowd. Notre Dame freshman Quarterback Steve Beuerlein went the distance, completing nine of 13 passes for 163 yards as the Irish won 30–6.

EAST The smartest thing Pitt did against Florida State was what it didn't do. "All year we saw them blitz," said Seminole Coach Bobby Bowden. "All of a sudden they quit blitzing. Our game plan was shot after the third play." Nevertheless, Florida State scored on its first two possessions to lead 13–0 before the Panther defense shut down the Seminoles. "Our defense sputters right at the start of every game," said Pitt Defensive End Al Wenglikowski. "That's scary." In his fourth game as the Panthers' No. 1 quarterback, John Congemi completed 20 of 33 passes to rally his team to a 17–16 victory.

As expected, 16th-ranked Boston College rolled over Yale 42–7 as Doug Flutie of the Eagles passed for 325 yards and four touchdowns. The loss put the Elis' record at 0–4—the worst start for Yale in 111 years of football—and it begged the question of why the teams were playing in the first place. The game, answered Eli Athletic Director Frank Ryan, had been scheduled in 1978, when Boston College had just gone 0–11 and Yale, still a Division I-A team, was between Ivy championships. Times do change.

And at Pace University, a Division III school in Pleasantville, N.Y., two players—Noseguard Bob Monti and Strong Safety Mike Robustelli, son of Andy, the former defensive end for the Giants—were kicked out of school early last week for allegedly beating up two Pace students outside a restaurant. Many of the school's football players believed that the university acted unfairly in passing judgment on Monti and Robustelli before the matter had been decided in court. (The case is scheduled to be heard on Oct. 25.) Six other players, including Tailback Tim Conlon, who was 127 yards short of becoming the Setters' first 2,000-yard rusher, quit the team in protest, others decided to scrape the blue Pace logos off their helmets before Saturday's homecoming game against St. John's. Pace lost 34–6 to the Redmen, who have won 13 straight games.

MIDWEST "At least I don't have to explain why we didn't run up the score," said Nebraska Coach Tom Osborne after the Cornhuskers' unexpectedly narrow 14–10 win at Oklahoma State. "It's not too tough getting your team mentally ready when your opponent is supposed to be the best of all time," said Cowboy Coach Jimmy Johnson the night before the game, and he was proved correct. Oklahoma State forced five Nebraska turnovers, pinned the first sacks of the season, four in all, on Quarterback Turner Gill and held the Huskers to 169 yards and 44 points fewer than their average output. The Cowboys' first score, a 26-yard field goal in the second quarter, was set up by a 64-yard dash by Tailback Shawn Jones. Nebraska then took a 7–3 lead, but Oklahoma State responded with a 15-yard touchdown pass from Quarterback Ike Jackson to Jamie Harris. The Huskers got the winning TD on their second possession of the third quarter,

SI TOP 20

1.	NEBRASKA (6–0)	1*
2.	TEXAS (4–0)	2
3.	N. CAROLINA (6–0)	3
4.	WEST VIRGINIA (5–0)	5
5.	FLORIDA (5–0–1)	6
6.	ARIZONA (5–0–1)	7
7.	OHIO STATE (4–1)	8
8.	MICHIGAN (4–1)	9
9.	GEORGIA (4–0–1)	10
10.	ALABAMA (4–1)	4
11.	AUBURN (4–1)	11
12.	MIAMI (5–1)	13
13.	MARYLAND (4–1)	14
14.	OKLAHOMA ST. (4–1)	19
15.	WASHINGTON (4–1)	15
16.	BOSTON COLL. (5–1)	16
17.	ILLINOIS (4–1)	17
18.	IOWA (4–1)	18
19.	BYU (4–1)	—
20.	SMU (5–0)	—

*Last week

Gill and Tight End Todd Frain combining on a 32-yard pass-run play

"There's a group of sad young men in the locker room next door," said Johnson afterward, "because they gave every ounce of energy to be successful in this game. We felt like we were going to win, and we felt stronger about that conviction as the game went on." Nevertheless, Oklahoma State, which is 0–21–1 against Nebraska in the last 22 years, probably gained more respect in losing to Nebraska than it would have in beating almost any other team in the country.

Two weeks ago Illinois engineered a 33–0 upset over Iowa by returning to its mix-it-up passing attack. Last week against Wisconsin, the mix-it-up got mixed up. The Badgers led 9–3 at the half, and, said Illinois Coach Mike White, "They had us totally befuddled. Wisconsin was giving our quarterback [Jack Trudeau] a look he hadn't seen before." The Illini came out running in the second half and won 27–16. "We were hoping they wouldn't realize they could run on us," said Wisconsin Coach Dave McClain. "Unfortunately they did." In an earlier game, a 20–10 victory over Michigan State, Illinois had been accused of dirty play, a charge that led one Detroit columnist to dub the team "The Biting Illini." Against Wisconsin, Illinois was assessed 151 yards in penalties. "Those guys are known for their cheap shots," said Badger Tight End Bret Pearson, "but at least they got caught today." Defensive Tackle Scott Bergold agreed. "They were definitely taking some cheap shots. They were throwing punches, and when I went up to block field-goal attempts, I kept getting hit below the belt."

After Ohio State's 33–22 victory over Purdue, Buckeye Coach Earle Bruce described his feelings in near-Stengelese: "I don't think you ought to say anything negative about a win, because a win is a win. But I don't like fumbles, penalties, interceptions and lack of concentration." In a game that should have been a cakewalk, Ohio State threw three interceptions and was penalized on six crucial occasions, while Purdue, which had averaged six turnovers a game, played almost error-free. The difference turned out to be two punt returns—one for 63 yards, the other for 71—for touchdowns by Buckeye Garcia Lane.

"I felt a little embarrassed about that score," said Iowa Coach Hayden Fry after his team's 61–21 defeat of Northwestern. "But I can't tell guys to go out there and play dead. They're fighting for jobs and want a chance to show their stuff." Fry had planned to rely primarily on his running attack against the porous Wildcat defense. But, he said, "We had a lot of ailing running backs, and I could see that we could pass, so why not?" Why not indeed? The Hawkeyes piled up a Big Ten-record 713 yards in total offense. Said Iowa Quarterback Chuck Long, who completed 23 of 33 throws for 420 yards, "I kind of got in the groove passing and decided to stay there."



Salisbury felt the heat and then got hot.

WEST During practice Oregon Coach Rich Brooks had noticed his third-string tight end, Dave Christensen, passing balls 70 yards and more. "I don't throw for distance," says Christensen, "I just play catch." Nonetheless, last week Brooks installed a tight-end-around pass play, and on the Ducks' first possession against Cal, Christensen fired from near midfield to Lew Barnes, who made the grab at the 15 and ran into the end zone untouched. On its next possession Oregon got even trickier. Without huddling, nine Ducks, including the center, lined up on the left side of the ball. Before the Bears knew a play was being run, Quarterback Mike Jorgensen snapped the ball to himself and pitched it to Barnes, who went 41 yards to the Cal seven behind the wedge of blockers. Said Brooks, "I double-checked the rules and I alerted the referee before the game that we might use that play. It's legal as long as you have seven men on the line and everybody is within 15 yards of the line of scrimmage." After the Ducks prevailed 24–17, Cal Coach Joe Kapp said, "I give full credit to Oregon. Everything they did was outstanding."

One could almost see the vultures gathering around Stanford Stadium. The feast would be the losing coach—either Terry Donahue of 0–3–1 UCLA or Paul Wiggin of 0–4 Stanford. Fortunately for Donahue, Bruin Don Rogers produced one TD on an interception and set up two field goals as UCLA won 39–21. Wiggin, on the other hand, almost certainly will lose his job. Among those rumored to be in line to replace him are Jack Elway of San Jose State, Dennis Green of Northwestern, Jim Sochor of UC-Davis, Jack Bicknell of Boston College and even Bill Walsh of the 49ers.

Another coach feeling heat is Ted Tollner of Southern Cal, which has lost to Kansas and South Carolina. One *Los Angeles Times* reader asked, "When did USC de-emphasize football? The Trojans are playing like a bunch of walk-ons." Another wondered, "Does anybody think [former coaches John] McKay or [John] Robinson would be 1–2–1 with the 1983 Trojans?" USC Quarterback Sean Salisbury said, "I'd be a blatant liar if I said the criticism didn't bother me. But I can't go around wearing earmuffs and sunglasses so I don't hear or see those things." Last week he was fortunate to hear and see Washington State, as he hit on 19 of 25 passes for 256 yards, and the Trojans won 37–17. Said Tollner following the game, "We're ready to become a football team now."

SOUTHWEST SMU rose to its first real challenge of the season, beating Baylor 42–26 to extend the nation's longest unbeaten streak to 21 games. For the second week in a row both Mustang tailbacks, sophomore Reggie Dupard and freshman Jeff Atkins, rushed for more than 100 yards apiece. Quarterback Lance McIlhenny threw four touchdown passes, three of them to Split End Marquis Pleasant. "I think this was an indication of how good we can be," said Coach Bobby Collins, who has a week off before facing Texas.

PLAYERS OF THE WEEK

OFFENSE: Tailback Paul Lewis, a 5′ 8″, 190-pound junior, rushed for 223 yards and scored three TDs—the last on a 17-yard run with 1:18 to play—to lead Boston University to a 26–19 win over Richmond.

DEFENSE: UCLA Safety Don Rogers, a 6′ 1½″, 208-pound senior, set up two field goals with a recovered fumble and an interception and scored on another interception as the Bruins beat Stanford 39–21.

Kevin Murray of Texas A&M, a freshman quarterback, was allowed to play college football only after a federal judge in Houston ruled last summer that he had fulfilled his pro baseball contractual obligations with the Milwaukee Brewers, in whose minor league system he played in 1982. In his first start, in place of John Mazur, Murray connected on 18 of 31 passes for 217 yards and three touchdowns to beat Houston 30–7. He also rushed for 67 yards. "He's going to make it tough for other teams to prepare for us," said Aggie Coach Jackie Sherrill. **END**

He's Manning for the future

Kansas' Larry Brown hired an old truck driver and got a big bonus

by John Garrity

The new University of Kansas basketball coach looked a little weepy last week. "Hay fever," Larry Brown said, blinking watery eyes, "the worst ever." Brown's allergist thought his patient might be reacting to the family dog, but when you've just moved to farm country from northern New Jersey and when people all around you are saying heddo instead of hello, it's safe to figure you've got hay fever. A thousand miles away, though, in Greensboro, N.C., the locals would no doubt diagnose Brown's ailment as a case of crocodile tears.

Here's why: On Sept. 22 a very tall high school senior, Danny Manning—late of Greensboro—told a press conference in Lawrence, Kans. that he would be taking his considerable basketball talents to the University of Kansas next fall. "If I was still living back East I probably would be going to North Carolina," he admitted, "but my home is here in Lawrence now, and I want to be close to my parents."

That raised howls on Tobacco Road, because two days earlier Kansas had announced the hiring of Danny's father, Ed Manning, who for the past three years had driven a truck for a living, as one of Brown's assistant coaches. Was it a package deal? "No," says Brown, "but I know people won't read it that way."

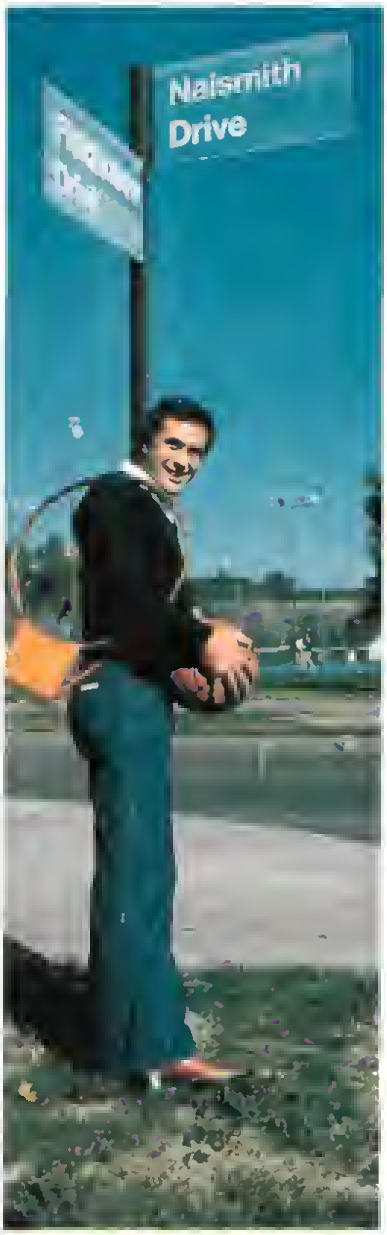
Not in North Carolina, anyway. Mac Morris, Danny's coach at Greensboro's Page High, has been the most outspoken in charging that the older Manning was "used" to obtain his son's services. "I don't like how it was handled," Morris said last week. "Page 10 of the NCAA's *A Guide for the College-Bound Student-Athlete* reads, 'In recruiting a prospective student-athlete, it is not permissible to give, offer or be involved, directly or indirectly in . . . employment of the relatives of a prospect.' "

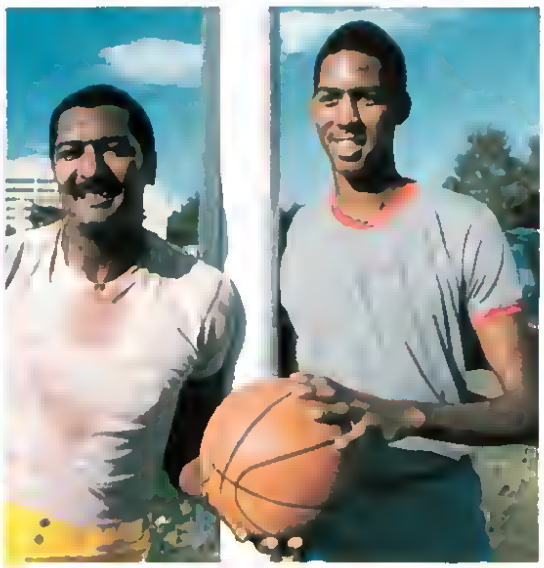
When Dean Smith, basketball coach at the University of North Carolina, left for a basketball clinic in Spain in September, the word was that Carolina had an inside track on Danny. Says Smith, a Kansas alumnus and Brown's college coach in the early 1960s, "I came back from Europe and [Assistant Coach] Bill Guthridge asked me, 'You'll never guess who Larry hired?' " And he never would have, Smith says. "It was a surprise to me."

The object of all this attention averaged 18.8 points and nine rebounds a game last year. Most scouting services rank him as one of the nation's top prospects. "Danny was the leading scorer," says Morris, "second-leading assist man and leading rebounder on a 26–0 team that won the state title. He's 6′ 10½″, and he has the agility to be a point guard. Danny may be the best high school player this state has ever produced."

Back at Page High, one candidate for sophomore class president is campaigning on the platform of BRING DANNY MANNING BACK TO NORTH CAROLINA. How? By boycotting grocery products containing Kansas wheat until Danny is shipped back to Greensboro. Forget it. Manning will play this season for Lawrence High, where he enrolled on Sept. 2.

continued





Ed (above left) and Danny could help Brown reawaken the Jayhawks' rich hoop tradition.

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Ed Manning, 41, played for nine seasons with six different pro teams, including two seasons under Brown on the ABA Carolina Cougars. Manning then briefly played for and coached a team in Belgium before becoming an assistant coach at North Carolina A&T University during the 1977-78 season. "I never worried about whether he was qualified or not," Brown says. "I hired Doug Moe [now head coach of the NBA Denver Nuggets] when I was with the Cougars, and he didn't have as much experience as Ed has."

Brown is also annoyed by rumors that Kansas gave Manning a $50,000 salary, a house and a car. "He got exactly what my other assistant, Bob Hill, gets," Brown counters. He adds that the affirmative action guidelines under which Manning was hired set his salary range at $27,500 to $30,000. Kansas did pay for the Mannings' move to Lawrence, but, Brown says, "He got just what any other coach would have gotten." That includes the use of an automobile, a 1983 Chevrolet Caprice; but no free housing.

Forgotten in all the controversy is how Manning's job came to be vacant in the first place. The incumbent was former Jayhawk and Boston Celtic star Jo Jo White, who applied for the head coaching job when Ted Owens was fired last April after 19 years at Kansas. Instead, Athletic Director Monte Johnson made a futile pass at Carolina's Smith and then wooed Brown, who was coaching the New Jersey Nets. "I didn't know till July 9 we were going to have an opening," Brown said last week. "That's when Jo Jo was let go." By Aug. 11 the Affirmative Action Office had approved six candidates for Brown to interview—"six really capable guys," he said. "I agonized over the list, but I couldn't decide." Four of the six were relative strangers to Brown, but he knew Alvin Gentry, an assistant at Colorado, and Gerald Govan, who was an ABA teammate of Brown's. "But he has daughters," Brown cracked.

Brown then reached out and touched an old friend, Cleveland Cavalier Assistant Coach Gene Littles, who also played for Brown in the ABA and had been Manning's boss at North Carolina A&T. In the course of conversation on an unrelated matter—getting two former Kansas players pro basketball tryouts—Littles told Brown that the right man to be his assistant was Ed Manning.

"I told Gene I was afraid to approach Ed because it might hurt us in recruiting Danny," says Brown, who nevertheless investigated the possibility of Manning's hiring. But Manning is just shy of his Jackson State degree and therefore was ineligible. After Brown told this to Kansas Assistant Athletic Director Lonny Rose, *the job description was rewritten* to allow Manning to come to Lawrence.

Manning was overjoyed at the opportunity to get back into basketball. Triple-bypass heart surgery last November had made him question the wisdom of staying in the cab of an 18-wheel van trailer. "You just sit there and bounce," Manning says. "Drivers have all kinds of health problems."

Was the hiring ethical? Schools have been punished for offering employment in other roles to relatives of a recruit, but the NCAA has long accepted the argument that a qualified coach may be hired even if he has a relationship—family or otherwise—to a star athlete.

Smith, who gave Brown his first coaching job, is not crying foul, however. "I'm sure Danny was somewhere in Larry's mind, too," Smith says, "but he does have a good loyal coach in Ed Manning." Loyalty, Smith says, is important. "That's why I hired Larry as an assistant back in 1965."

When Brown arrived at Kansas he had to convince people of his own loyalty. He quit the Denver Nuggets in midseason of 1979 and wound up at UCLA, only to leave after two years to coach the New Jersey Nets. Then he gave up that job in April for Kansas. As one writer put it, "Wherever he goes, he wins. Wherever he wins, he leaves."

Brown doesn't duck questions about his wanderings. "With recruits, if they don't ask me, I mention it myself," he says. He's also likely to show prospects the house he is having built just off a fairway at Alvamar Country Club, or he'll mention that his wife, Barbara, is taking courses in business and computer science at Kansas—two signs of stability. "I'm determined to stay. But I can only prove it by staying." Brown adds, "This is the first time I've ever told the kids I'm staying. At UCLA I wanted them to come for the school, for the program. Here, I'm flattered if they want to come for me."

The most grateful beneficiary of Brown's hiring seems to be Kansas Football Coach Mike Gottfried, who spent the weeks after he was hired last December defending his own much-traveled past—nine jobs in 17 years. "That all *ended* when Larry came," Gottfried says with a grin.

When all is said and done, most Kansas fans care most about the Jayhawks' rediscovering their winning ways. "We came in seventh and sixth in the conference the last two years," Brown says. "And now we're being picked in the Top 20 in the nation? I find that hard to believe. But I'm flattered. When I saw the films of last year, I was not that encouraged, to be perfectly honest, but after being around the kids more, seeing how they've grown up, I get more encouraged each day."

Brown's eyes again become watery. Tears of joy? "No, it's definitely hay fever," he says, shaking his head.

Larry Brown impatiently awaits the first killing frost. **END**



Ed, who used to drive an 18-wheel truck, now does his driving on 17-year-old Danny.

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Racing suits Willy to a T

The sport now has a rising new black star in California's Willy T. Ribbs

by Sam Moses

You've heard of David Pearson
And ol' King Richard P.
But I'll bet you've never ever heard
of Wrong-Way Willy T.

—DENNIS MCCLELLAND
From *Wrong-Way Willy T.*, 1978

In 1977 Willy T. Ribbs, who now calls himself the best black race driver in the world, was just starting out. He was only 21, living in a cheap flat in London, racing in England because that's where one of his two heroes, the late Jimmy Clark, learned the stuff that made him a two-time world champion.

One day Ribbs heard that his other hero, Muhammad Ali, was in town. That afternoon Ribbs went to the Hilton Hotel, where Ali was staying, and waited in the lobby. Ali showed up, surrounded by his usual entourage, and was in the elevator before Ribbs could get to him. Knowing Ali did road work every morning, Ribbs sat down in a big chair in the lobby and waited . . . all night.

At dawn the next morning Ali stepped out of the elevator in a sweat suit. Ribbs jumped up and introduced himself and asked if he could run with him.

"No!" said Ali, "I train alone."

"But I waited all night," said Ribbs.

"You shouldn't have done that," said Ali. But Ribbs looked so mournful, Ali relented. "All right," he said, "but stay behind me."

"You ever get scared of Joe Frazier in the ring?" Willy replied.

And, says Willy T. today, "From that moment on we've been friends."

Ali now has the satisfaction of seeing Ribbs starting to fulfill his promise. Willy T. won the 1977 English Formula Ford series—a one-design competition aptly called the "Star of Tomorrow," in which he finished first in six of the 11 races. But when Ribbs came home, "tomorrow" turned out to be half a decade away. From 1978 through 1982 he marked time, working as a plumber for his father in San Jose and eating his heart out. His first real break came only this year, and he has proved he deserved it. Racing a Camaro Z28 in the 12-event Sports Car Club of America Trans-Am road-racing series, Ribbs won five races, was on the pole four times and, by taking first in last Saturday's finale at Caesars Palace, finished second for the season. His teammate, Britain's David Hobbs, won the championship. It was an extraordinary performance by a rookie in a professional series, and close to astounding for Ribbs, given his limited experience.

"It might sound stupid, but I really believe I was born to race," says Ribbs, now 27. "I believe fate dealt me to be a racing driver." Ribbs's father, William T. Sr., confirms this evaluation, recalling that when Willy T. was just a baby he used to take the corners riding his tricycle on two wheels. "He made a track through the house," his father says, "and around the



Ribbs led Saturday's SCCA Trans-Am series finale at Las Vegas from start to finish.



continued



Ribbs, wife Suzanne and his father were confident—justifiably so—before the race.

MOTOR SPORTS *continued*

corner from the den to the kitchen he'd miss the damn TV by the same quarter inch every lap."

Although Ribbs has always been very athletic, he didn't play any organized sports in high school; the beckoning of his dirt bike and go-kart was just too strong to resist. By the time he was 20, his major claim to fame was a collection of 23 speeding tickets and a first-name relationship with most of San Jose's traffic policemen. Of course, Ribbs's name then was plain "Bill," which it still is to his father. "He only started calling himself Willy T. when he went over to England," says William Sr. "He figured he needed a more colorful handle for people to remember him by."

In 1976 he enrolled in a driving school in California, and at the end of the year he went off to England. "He conned his mother out of $1,000," says his father. "The two of them announced to me he was going to England to go racing." Once there, Willy T. paid $500 a race to rent a Formula Ford; he finished third in his first race and won the second. Mike Eastick, the owner of the car, was so impressed he allowed Willy T. to continue racing without paying for the ride—Eastick was stunned to learn that those races had been the first two organized events this cocky American had ever driven.

Because of his success in England, Willy T. was invited by H.A. (Humpy) Wheeler, general manager of Charlotte Motor Speedway, for a tryout. Wheeler's plan was to enter Ribbs in the 1978 World 600 in Charlotte, specifically to draw black fans to a sport in which the only black to gain any national attention previously had been a driver/owner named Wendell Scott. Underfinanced and forced to run outdated or hand-me-down equipment, Scott retired from racing stock cars in 1973, after 26 years on the circuit, with a record of only one win in 495 races.

Ribbs had never driven a real stock car before, but, says Wheeler, "that day he went faster sooner than any rookie driver who had ever been at the speedway. He did some things instinctively that it takes most drivers a long time to learn. We were tremendously impressed." So a press conference was called to announce Charlotte's rookie entry.

That tryout and press conference proved to be the high point of Willy T.'s stock car career. The next step was to send Ribbs to Alabama International Motor Speedway in Talladega to actually witness a stock car race. And, equally important, to meet with NASCAR's president, Bill France Jr. Back then, Ribbs's tail-out driving style was matched by a tongue-out personal style, and the latter reputation preceded him into France's office, where the reception was icy. It didn't help that France, who also owns Talladega and Daytona speedways, and Wheeler were competing promoters. The people who would have used Ribbs to spin their turnstiles seemed to forget that he was 22 and inexperienced in dealing with the public. He was also completely ignorant of the take-your-medicine-and-keep-your-mouth-shut attitude expected of all NASCAR rookies, not that it would have made much difference. Willy T. fast-talked himself into trouble by being himself—announcing that he intended to run right up there with Richard Petty and Cale Yarborough. "I was so mad after that meeting with France I was saying anything," Ribbs says. "I didn't know any better. I was real young and I didn't understand what was happening."

So Ribbs got a lot of press, much of it painting him as an Ali-style braggart. He compounded his troubles by getting charged with driving the wrong way down a one-way street. It was late at night in Charlotte in a car loaned to him by former NASCAR champion Ned Jarrett, and the TV cameras were at the police station even before Humpy Wheeler got the call to come down and bail Ribbs

continued



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Bundini takes Willy T.'s punches, but won't let him get his hands on his Caddy again.

out. The publicity effort had worked too well. The next morning Wheeler called Ribbs to his office, told him he lacked maturity and sent him packing. The song that graced the airwaves of a Charlotte area radio station for weeks afterward, *Wrong-Way Willy T.*, fortunately didn't follow Ribbs back to San Jose.

But the reputation had become part of Ribbs's baggage, preceding him to the door of every potential sponsor he called on. Which is why for the next 2½ years Ribbs couldn't beg his way into the seat of a race car. "I was like Dracula," he says. "The Charlotte business nearly put a stake through my heart. There was absolutely nothing. No testing, no practice, *nothing*."

These were Ribbs's dues-paying days: the sitting at home, the crawling under other people's leaking sinks, and hating it. Willy T. believed he could drive better than nine-tenths of the guys with sponsors and good rides. Ribbs is proud that he never asked Ali for sponsorship. "So many people try to con him and rip him off and use him," he says. "He was my friend and he gave me moral support, but no matter how bad I wanted to race, I wouldn't have asked him for money."

Ribbs was rescued from his status as an untouchable by Jim Trueman, one of racing's staunchest patrons, owner of Red Roof Inns and the Mid-Ohio Sports Car Course, sponsor of 1982 Indy-car rookie Bobby Rahal and a winning IMSA endurance race driver himself. Trueman bought rides in six Formula Atlantic races for Ribbs in 1981-82, and that was enough to help Willy T. recast his reputation. And then, this season, Willy T. got his big break.

A two-car Trans-Am team was being formed by Neil DeAtley, a Lewiston, Idaho highway construction contractor, but DeAtley was not having much luck getting sponsorship. He had been trying Budweiser and was making no headway, so "we figured we had to do something to get their attention," DeAtley says. "What can we do to be different? Well, let's look around and see what's available in the black department."

So DeAtley Motorsports went back to Budweiser with two angles: first, a sponsorship payment program based on team performance so it would be of low risk to Budweiser, and second, a black race driver named Willy T. Ribbs. Suddenly the door swung open.

Willy T. finally got his ride because of his color rather than his speed, but that is a fact of life in racing: Talent often is not the top priority in driver selection. Ribbs is aware of this. His father says, "I told Bill a long time ago, 'Hey, if you got to exploit yourself, that's what you gotta do.' " The ultimate irony is that even DeAtley had little inkling how fast Willy T. could go in a race car. He was like a director who hires an actress for her body and finds out she can actually act.

Ribbs takes a fighter's approach to racing. He trains like a boxer six days a week in a gym in Santa Monica, guided by Ali's former cornerman, Drew Brown, better known as Bundini. Ribbs runs five miles in the mornings and goes to the gym for a 90-minute workout—skipping rope, doing sit-ups and five rounds with the heavy bag. Some days Ribbs gets in the ring and works on his hand/eye coordination, Bundini wearing mitts to receive Willy's punches. "I tell you," Ribb says, "when you get finished with that workout, you really feel aggressive. And so many times this year, reflexes got me out of trouble. Hey, I jump rope for a reason—makes my feet quicker on the pedals."

Willy T. met Bundini in 1979, and he drove Bundini's new Cadillac, called Black Beauty, from New York to L.A. for him. Bundini still has mixed emotions about the experience. He says, "Willy left New York at midnight on a Saturday. I flew to L.A., and Monday morning Willy calls me on the phone. I thought he was broken down somewhere, Oklahoma or someplace," says Bundini. "He was in front of my house on the corner! Ol' Black Beauty's never been no good ever since. When she be parked on the street in front of the gym and Willy walks by, she go, 'No! Get him away from me!'

"Before I had the gym, Willy used to come to my house 'cause he liked me, 'cause he knew I believed in him. He had somethin' about him made me believe in him. If you believe in a person, you're settin' him free; he needs that. Now that he's makin' it, he likes to come back and show me he appreciates it. I call Willy the Jackie Robinson of the car."

As Ribbs works toward a crack at the world championship, he'll probably be back in the Trans-Am next year, and most likely will be the favorite. And the Indy 500 is definitely on his mind; all it would take to get him there is a sponsor. As for racing in NASCAR, it's not likely. But, says Humpy Wheeler, "I knew all along that somewhere down the road he'd rise up and shake the rafters. And since he's matured, I'd love to see Willy T. Ribbs racing in NASCAR right now."

As a prophetic verse of that once derisive song says:

Here comes a new superstar
That you just gotta see.
Here comes Wrong-Way Willy,
Wrong-Way Willy T.

END

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4.

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Speaking of drives across town, you could take one right now in the Saab 900 Turbo.

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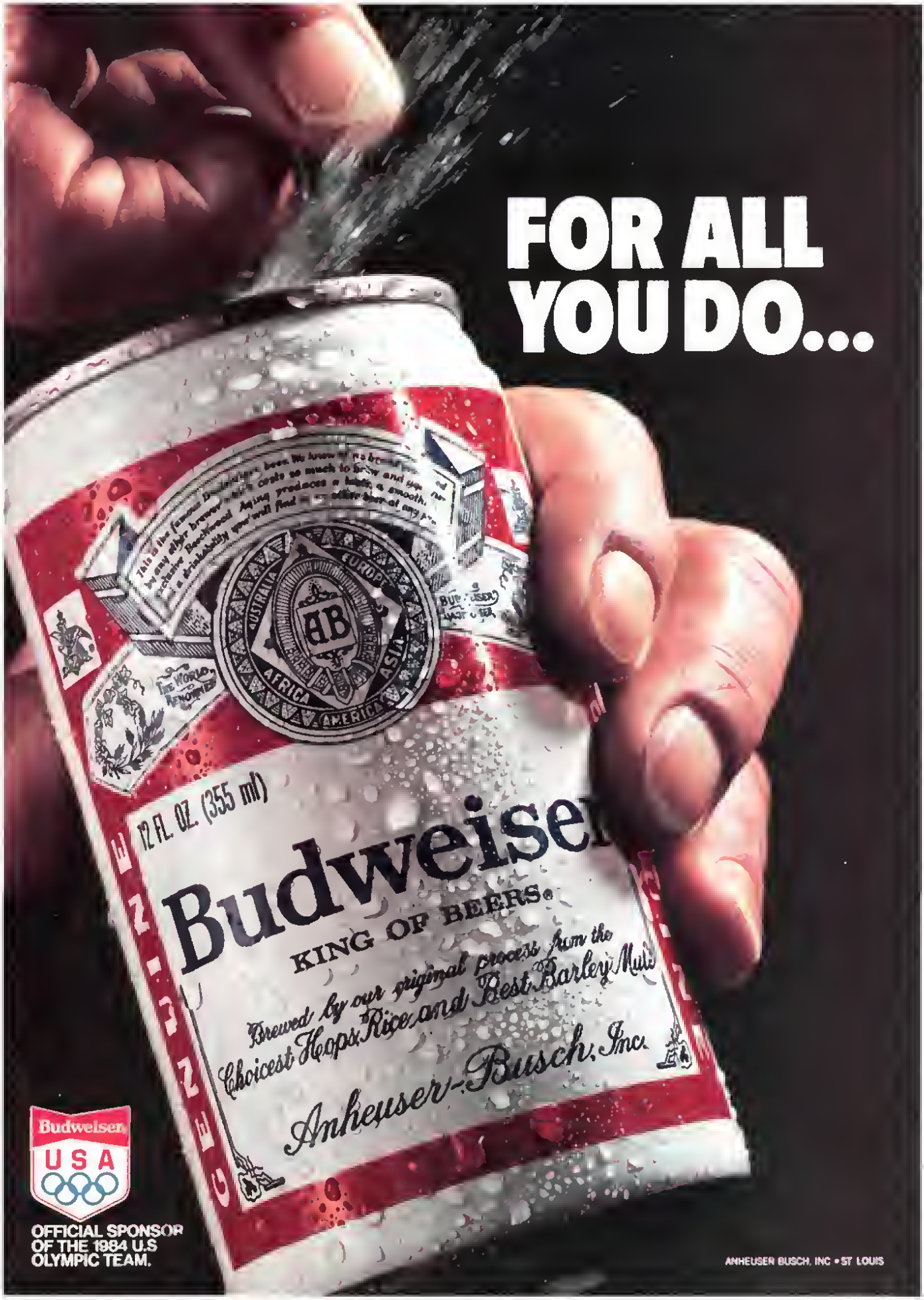
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He's at the head of his class

Devil's Bag just might be the finest 2-year-old colt since Secretariat

by William Leggett

By mid-October of most years, a person can draw up a relatively small list of horses, study their past performances and with some certainty pick the Horse of the Year. Quite obviously, 1983 is not an ordinary year. Each major race seems to produce a different winner—Sunny's Halo, Play Fellow, Slew o' Gold, Bates Motel, to name a few—casting more shadow than light on the situation and confusing everyone who tries to make an assessment of this year's runners. Should the trend continue—and nobody doubts that it will—the outstanding horse of 1983 could emerge from a very unlikely class: the 2-year-olds.

This Saturday afternoon the nation's racing fans will get their first televised look at one of the two outstanding 2-year-old candidates when Devil's Bag, undefeated in three races, runs in the $200,000 Champagne Stakes at Belmont Park, which is just before the $500,000 Jockey Club Gold Cup. As recently as two weeks ago, 38 2-year-olds had been nominated to the Champagne, but the presence of Devil's Bag will scare most of them away, and only half a dozen are expected to start in New York's most important race for young horses.

Since 1936, when Granville was named racing's first Horse of the Year, only one 2-year-old has won the award: Secretariat in 1972. Why are 2-year-olds so rarely honored? Mainly because they race only against other 2-year-olds. For Devil's Bag to attain this year's award he will not only have to win the Champagne in impressive style, he will probably have to win at least two other major races as well, e.g., the Laurel Futurity on Oct. 29 and the Remsen on Nov. 12.

A further obstacle to Devil's Bag is another smashing 2-year-old who has outstanding credentials—a filly named Althea whose sire is Alydar. The two probably won't meet this year. Althea has won four races in five starts, including California's two most important 2-year-old races, the Hollywood Juvenile Championship and the Del Mar Futurity. Not only did Althea win those races by a total of 16½ lengths in very fast times, but she beat colts in both. After the Del Mar Futurity, Althea's trainer, D. Wayne Lukas, said, "You now have to include Althea in the outer circle among fillies." Lukas' circle includes the great fillies Landaluce and Ruffian. Lukas, it should be remembered, also trained Landaluce.

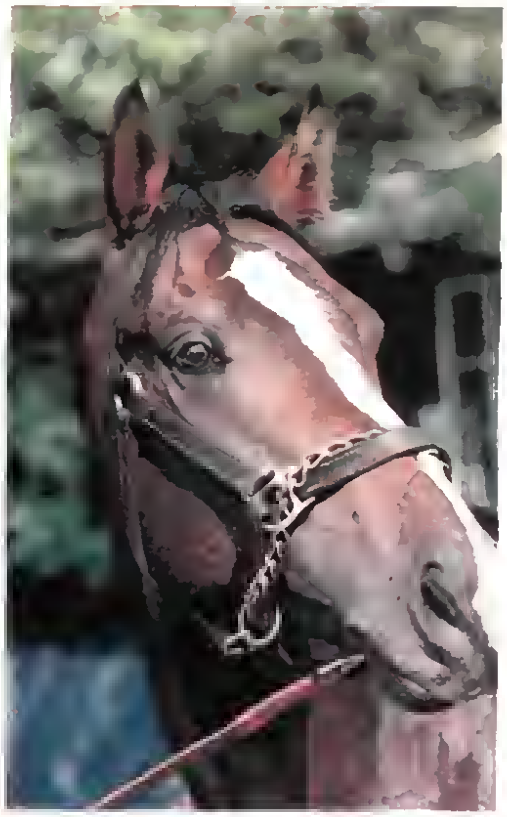
Listen now to what Woody Stephens, who trains Devil's Bag, had to say after the colt easily won the seven-furlong, $84,450 Cowdin Stakes at Belmont Park on Sept. 28: "I've been around racing for 51 years and I've never seen a 2-year-old run a 1:21⅘. And Eddie [jockey Eddie Maple] was all wrapped up on Devil's Bag. This is as good a 2-year-old as I've ever had."

Devil's Bag is a son of the 14-year-old stallion Halo, who stands at Windfields Farm near Chesapeake City on Maryland's Eastern Shore. At the beginning of '83, Halo stood for a stud fee of $30,000, but having sired both Kentucky Derby winner Sunny's Halo and Devil's Bag, his fee is bound to skyrocket.

Devil's Bag made his first start on Aug. 20 at Saratoga and he went *swoosh* against eight opponents. Following the race, Stephens was asked, "What was that thing that you just ran?" The trainer laughed. "That thing," he said, "is a runner. He is some kind of a freak. I loved this horse from the first time he set foot on a racetrack. This winter when I went to Florida I took Devil's Bag along with me. No, it's not normal to take a 2-year-old to Florida in the winter because there are no races for 2-year-olds at that time of the year. But this colt was not going to get out of my sight. And, wait and see, he'll get better."

And Devil's Bag did. He won his second start by 5¼ lengths before outclassing his field in the Cowdin. Granted, the Champagne will be his first major test, but few doubt that he will pass it. If one might wonder about Devil's Bag's ability, Stephens sent his "second-string" 2-year-old, Swale, a son of Seattle Slew, to Keeneland last Saturday, and he won the $171,625 Breeders' Futurity.

At present, nobody would dare put a dollar value on either Devil's Bag or Althea. Lukas and Stephens are both masters when it comes to exciting the public about their horses. Should the 3-year-olds and older horses continue to be inconsistent, both trainers can be expected to campaign their 2-year-olds for Horse of the Year. Lukas blames himself for Althea's lone defeat, indicating that he had not trained the filly hard enough for her second start. Last week, Stephens looked on as Devil's Bag worked five furlongs at Belmont Park in :58, doing it almost effortlessly. The two horses will probably make three more starts each before being turned out for the winter, and the writers and racing officials who vote for the Horse of the Year will be paying close attention. END



Devil's Bag is favored in the Champagne.



WHO IS THIS MAD



HATTER?

Once known as the Mad Stork, he's the peripatetic Ted Hendricks, the vintage outside linebacker who now hangs his hat in Los Angeles with the Raiders

by Paul Zimmerman

CONTINUED



For Raider games, Hendricks prefers his silver-and-black chapeau

The 1983 season was two hours old, the Los Angeles Raiders were squashing the Cincinnati Bengals 17–3, and with a first down on the L.A 38 the Bengals figured it was time to go to work on Ted Hendricks, the 35-year-old left linebacker they'd been carefully avoiding for three quarters. Ken Anderson flipped a little screen pass to Stanley Wilson on the vacated right side, and the rookie fullback from Oklahoma took off. All he saw in front of him were stripes.

It was over before anyone knew what had happened. Hendricks swooped in from the blind side, popped the ball free with his right hand and scooped it in with his left. He tossed it to the referee, winked at a teammate and sat down on the bench to watch the Raiders drive for a field goal and put the game away.

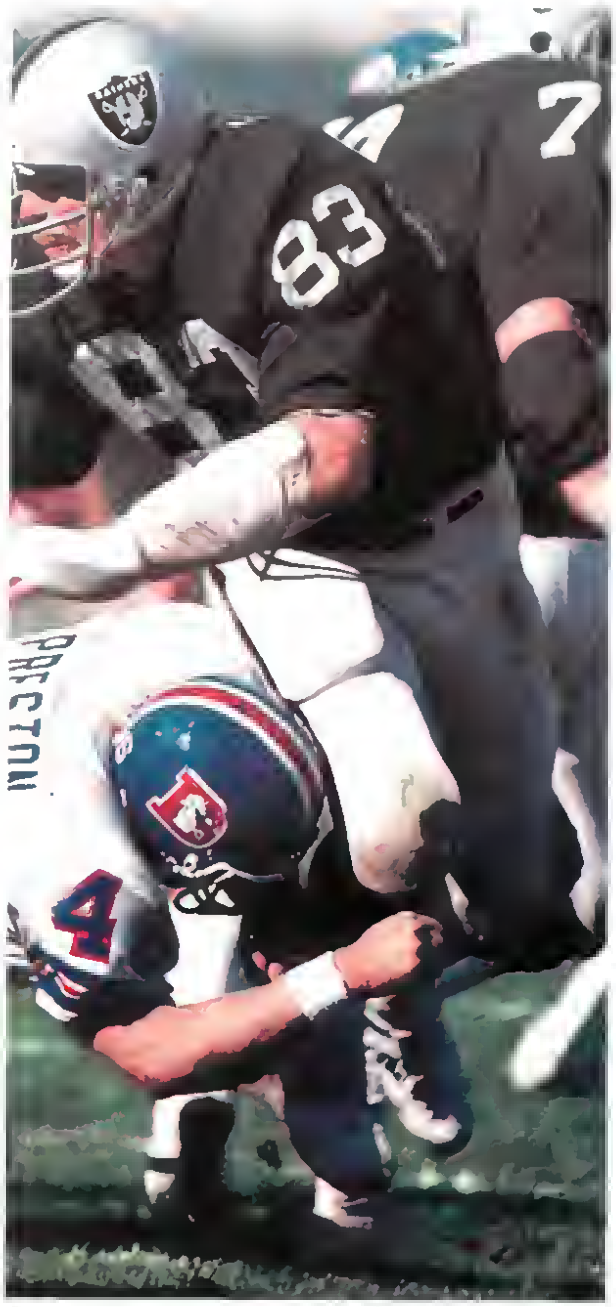
Two weeks later against Miami: the Dolphins' ball, third and two on their 47. David Woodley called a bootleg right. When he arrived at the corner, Hendricks was standing there waiting for him. Woodley hit the ground, the only sensible thing to do. Net gain: zero.

"Yeah, I saw that on TV," says San Francisco Tight End Russ Francis. "It was kind of comical, wasn't it? But you're never gonna fool him. You never know what he's going to do, where he'll be. There isn't another player in the NFL like him, and maybe there never was."

In a world devoted to the God of Iron, the sweat and toil of the weight room, Hendricks has never seen the need to seriously lift a barbell. In a society governed by the play book and the game plan, Hendricks will occasionally throw out the script and go with his own ideas. In a game which seemed to have no place for a 6′ 7¾″, 215-pound defensive end, as Hendricks was when he finished his college career at Miami (he's only about 235 now), he has survived 15 years and has seven Pro Bowl appearances under his belt, his last three the last three seasons.



He has never suffered a major injury or missed an NFL game—he has played in 205 straight—although he has no off-season workout program. He spends part of every summer on Oahu's North Shore, at Mokuleia, where he and ex-Redskin Guard John Wilbur run a boys' football camp. Hendricks says he has his roots there. He's just as likely to attribute his roots to Orinda, a Bay Area suburb, where he has a home. His career in the NFL started in Baltimore, and he spent a year in Green Bay before finally settling in with Oakland, which is now situated in L.A., where Hendricks has temporary quarters. A collection of wild hats is the tangible memento of his travels.



"We moved 23 times in one nine-year stretch," says Hendricks' wife, Jane. "Our oldest son, Mark, had gone to eight different schools by the end of the third grade."

Hendricks' roots do seem to be everywhere. Mention a place and his feet get itchy—and the vagabond in him takes over. Maybe it's Mokuleia. Maybe it's the Tahoe National Forest, where he has a gold-mining claim on the middle fork of the Yuba River. "A whole different way of life up there . . . You've got to see it to understand it," he says.

Maybe he'll surface around Miami, in Dade County, where he grew up, or in the Mojave Desert near Barstow, Calif., driving in a 60-mile celebrity off-road race with ex-Raider Ben Davidson, whose No. 83 he inherited. Or he might show up in Guatemala, where he was born, the son of a Pan-Am mechanic and troubleshooter from McAllen, Texas, who married a Guatemalan native. "My roots are in the banyan trees," Hendricks will say. "My cousin owns a rum factory in Quezaltenango. Each city has its different costume . . . the beauty there. . . . I get excited just thinking about it. . . ."

The feet are never still, the thoughts spill out one on top of another, thoughts as difficult to pin down as the man behind them. The only three-year All-America in the University of Miami's history, Hendricks' string-bean contours were so unusual for a football player that the pros made 11 defensive picks before Baltimore took him in the second round of the 1969 draft. During his college career, Miami coaches spoke wishfully of the pounds Hendricks was expected to add during the off-season by lifting weights, but the weightlifting program was a myth, and his weight stayed the same. The Hurricanes were a team of nicknames on the Mad motif. Guard Nelson Salemi was The Mad Dog. Oscar Gonzalez, the 165-pound punt returner, was The Mad Dwarf. Jimmy Dye, the little defensive back, was The Mad Fly. Hendricks became the Mad Stork.

His appearance has always baffled people. Bill Curry, the Colts' center when Hendricks played for Baltimore and now the Georgia Tech coach, once described Hendricks as looking "like a series of toothpicks" with "long, whippy, macaroni arms." Actually, his arms are well-muscled and sturdy. What's unusual is their length, even for a man as tall as Hendricks. He wears a size 37 sleeve. And those long, powerful arms, with tremendous strength in the wrists and fingers, are part of Hendricks' secret.

"He's got a different type of strength than what you're accustomed to seeing," says John Madden, who coached Hendricks for four years at Oakland. "You look at his body and you figure, 'Gee, it doesn't look very strong.' It isn't all that short muscle that people are used to seeing on football players. His real power comes from the muscle that starts at the insertion of the shoulder and goes to the insertion of the elbow; that's a big, big muscle, lengthwise. We're so used to judging muscle mass by thickness that we forget that if you

continued

"I always play with my tongue hanging out," says Hendricks, deftly riding a Bronco blocker in pursuit of a ballcarrier.



After 15 seasons, Al Davis' "puppy" has grown long in the tooth

take the same muscle and stretch it over a longer distance, it's going to be as big or bigger. Also, a long muscle like that gives you more tensile strength and power."

After Hendricks' senior year, Miami Coach Charlie Tate said, "No one who ever played defensive end on the college level ever played it any better." Practically everything else there was to say about Hendricks was said, too, including the fact that he was smart. He'd graduated 72nd out of a class of 1,400 in high school. In his senior year at Miami he carried a C+ average, but his courses were electromagnetic theory, elementary decision theory (statistics), differential equations, topology and mathematical analysis. "Math has always been easy for me," Hendricks says.

A magazine sent a stringer to get information for a possible feature story on Hendricks. "This guy's no dummy," the stringer's memo read. "His favorite authors are William Blake and Oscar Wild [*sic*]." Someone told Hendricks about that spelling of Wilde. He snorted. "Maybe he meant Wild Oscar," he said.

His college football career reached a peak when Miami played USC and O.J. Simpson in the Coliseum. The Stork vs. The Juice. USC won 28–3, and O.J. gained 163 yards, most of them on plays away from Hendricks. The final line in one report of the game still bugs Hendricks. He says it was "the most disturbing thing ever written about me." The line: ". . . there probably are a lot of mad storks to be found in the world, but there is only one bundle like O.J."

"Just remember," Hendricks says, "that I'm still playing. I'm still here. They didn't think I could make it at 6′ 8″, 215 because no one else ever had before me. It was silly, really. If you can play, you can play."

Baltimore's Don Shula took a chance on Hendricks. The first contract meeting was held at the Miami home of owner Carroll Rosenbloom. Hendricks hadn't eaten any breakfast or lunch.

"I guess you don't have any objection if I weigh you, do you?" Rosenbloom's son Steve said. The bathroom scale showed 218, with clothes. "He caught us off guard," said Hendricks' agent, Mike Zarowny. "If Ted had eaten first, he'd have been $5,000 ahead. But I never would have watered him. I wouldn't water a client." Hendricks signed that night—three years at $18,500, $21,500 and $23,500, plus a $20,000 bonus.

The '69 Colts were a veteran team, coming down from a Super Bowl loss to the Jets, a year away from beating Dallas in the Super Bowl. They were not a team into hazing rookies, and, in fact, they liked the gangly Hendricks.

"The day I joined the team," Hendricks says, "all the veterans came over to me and said, 'We're glad to have you with us'—all of them, John Mackey, Ray Perkins, Lou Michaels, John Unitas. They were all gentlemen. I found out later that Unitas was glad to see me because I was the only guy on the team with skinnier legs than his.

"Lou Michaels was my locker mate. He'd written down the date and place of all the field goals he'd kicked on the soles of his shoes. Before the games he'd sit there and look at those shoes. He'd put his arm around me and show me all the places he'd been to."

Hendricks was a reserve for his first six games. Then, in the seventh, Shula made a linebacker switch, moving Mike Curtis to the middle, Hendricks and Bob Grant to the outside spots, and benching Dennis Gaubatz and Don Shinnick. "Shinnick wanted out at midseason," Hendricks says. "He wouldn't sit on the bench. I didn't know what I was doing, really, but I recovered quickly. I might have gotten blown off the line, but I got back to where I was supposed to be. Look at the films and you'll see some guys stretched out."

The focal figure on the defense was Curtis. To a young and impressionable pro like Hendricks, Curtis was what the NFL was all about.

"I learned not to stand near him in an enemy ball park," Hendricks says. "I remember coming into the old War Memorial Stadium to play Buffalo. Curtis was in front of me, and as we were coming onto the field, bonk, he got hit on the head with a hot dog. I'd never seen that before.

"Mike was very quiet, very much into himself. He didn't even hang around with the players much. But on the field, when he hit 'em they stayed hit. Once, when we played Green Bay, Jim Grabowski was coming through the line and Mike gave him a good old-fashioned clotheshine shot. He hit him so hard he popped his helmet off. Grabowski got up wobbling. One of our guys handed him his helmet. He started heading toward our bench. I tapped him on the shoulder and turned him around and said, 'Yours is on the other side, Jim.' Then I looked over at Curtis. I figured his arm had to be broken from a shot like that. No problem. He was wearing pads on the inside of his arm. Next week I started wearing 'em, and I've worn 'em ever since."

continued

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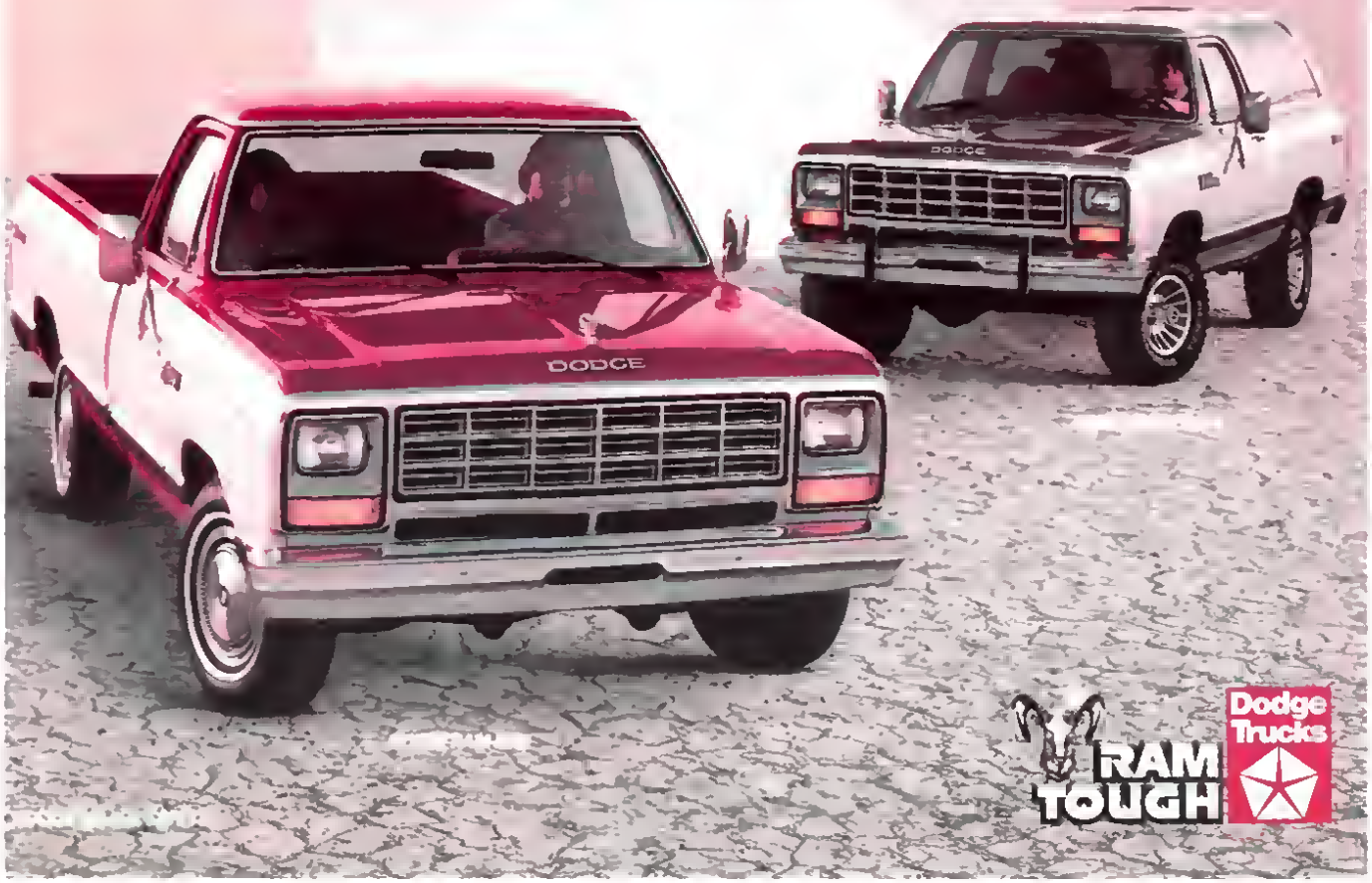
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The clothesline was legal then, and Hendricks, with his size 37 arms, quickly gained a reputation as one of the best at it. "We were playing the Patriots when Joe Kapp was their quarterback," he says. "He called a sweep, and everyone ran right while he ran left. Joe's all by himself out there, trying to pitch the ball to nobody. He tried to give me his swivel-hip action. I brought my arm across from way back here. I caught him just right, feet dangling, head bobbing. I looked down to see what damage I'd done. He looked up at me and said, 'Nice hit, kid,' and went back to the huddle shaking his head."

By 1972 Shula was in Miami, and Joe Thomas had taken over as Baltimore's general manager. Don McCafferty, the '71 Super Bowl coach, was fired after five games, and the old Colt gang was breaking up. Their record sank to 5–9.

"All my old friends were gone," Hendricks says. "I told Joe I wanted to be gone, too. He said, 'When you remodel a building you take the strong pillars and build around them.' I said, 'No, Joe, you take a bulldozer and level the whole thing.' He said, 'Stay another week. If you haven't changed your mind, talk to me again.' I hadn't, so I came back. He said, 'I'll give you two choices—retire or play in Baltimore.' So I stayed for the '73 season." That year Baltimore dropped to 4–10.

In August 1974, Hendricks announced he had signed a contract for the '75 season with Jacksonville of the WFL. A week later, Thomas traded him to Green Bay. "Thomas told me, 'I'm putting you in cold storage,'" Hendricks says.

"We got a house in Ashwaubenon, a Green Bay suburb," Jane Hendricks says. "There was a paper mill on one side and a meat-packing plant on the other. We'd get the smell no matter which way the wind blew."

Hendricks considers his Packer season his finest in the NFL. He intercepted five passes, tops on the team, and blocked seven kicks, an NFL record—three punts, three field-goal attempts and an extra point. The extra-point block came against the Vikings. Fred Cox was going for his 200th straight. The kick made it, but Hendricks was offside. In those days it was a do-over. On the next one Hendricks blocked it.

In '75 Bart Starr took over for Dan Devine as Green Bay's head coach. Jacksonville had missed its first payment to Hendricks, thus voiding his WFL contract; he also was a free agent in the NFL. Hendricks told Starr he wanted his contract guaranteed. Starr said, "We have nothing to talk about." And the scramble was on.

Hendricks talked to Miami and to Atlanta and was talking to the Giants when a phone call came from Al Davis. "Don't sign. I'll top whatever they offer you," Davis said. The Raiders had to give Green Bay two No. 1 draft choices as compensation to get him.

"Al and I met with Ted and his agent in Oakland," Madden says. "Al said, 'His body looks undeveloped.' He started talking about a weight program. Ted laughed. He said, 'Al, when I grab 'em they're grabbed. I don't need weights.'"

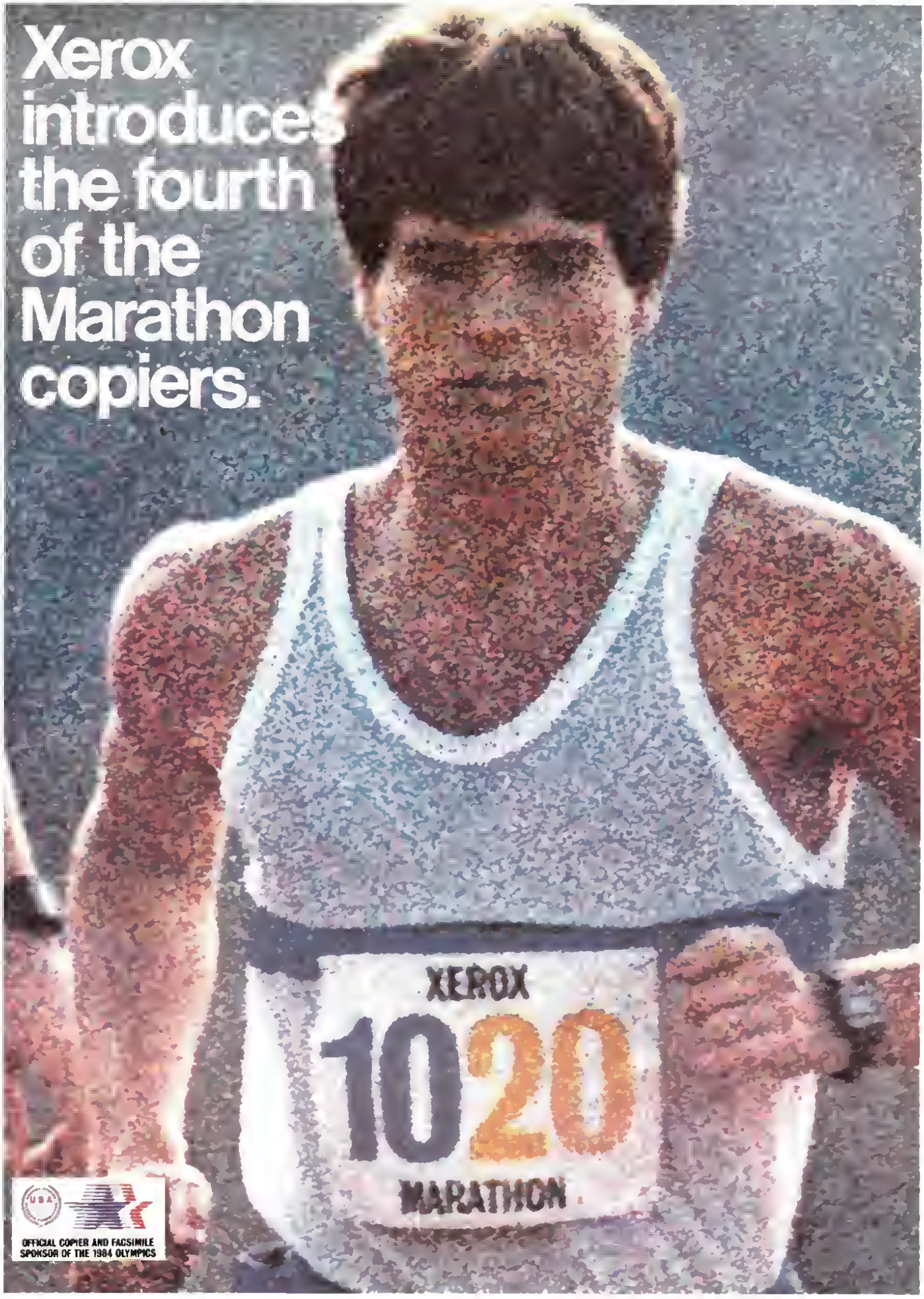
Madden says his coaching philosophy was: "Be on time, pay attention, play like hell when I tell you to. As long as you do

continued





A Boy of Summer: Ted cools down at Waimea Bay (left) and mugs in the sunset with Mokuleia campers.


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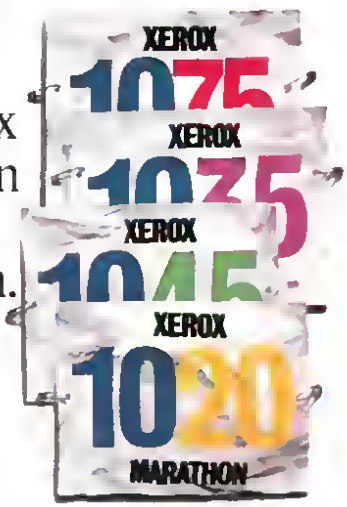
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those three things, there's not a hell of a lot to fine you for." Hendricks says his own maxim was: "They never say you work football, they say you play football." And the Raiders certainly knew how to play, both on and off the field.

There was the day in camp when Madden called, "O.K., everybody up," and Hendricks came charging onto the field on a horse, in full uniform, with a traffic cone for a lance. "John didn't bat an eye," Hendricks says. "He could take anything." Another day the defensive backs walked off the practice field. "Where are you going?" someone asked. "We're going on our field trip," Skip Thomas said. And they lay down in the adjoining field.

"Here it is, I've still got it," Hendricks says, tipping over a huge packing crate so that the mask comes tumbling out, accompanied by hats, hats, hats—one of the all-time hat collections. "Do you know what this is?" he says, holding up a brown felt cone with star and crescent.

Sure, a sorcerer's hat.

"Right," he says. "Feel this. It's a secret pocket inside: they always have a secret pocket for potions. Here's another one; it's got a tassel on the star." He reaches down again and pulls out a powder blue helmet with No. 34 on the side. "Earl Campbell's helmet. We traded after a Pro Bowl." Now a jester's hat, orange and green with bells on top. He puts it



No believer in weightlifting, the Raider star seldom gets even this close to the real thing, preferring mock barbells he hefts with one hand

There was George Buehler, the 270-pound guard, and his electronic machines. "He had this radio-controlled tank that he'd send to collect his mail," Hendricks says. "The tank had a little message on it: 'Place mail on top. Ask no questions.' Freddy Biletnikoff firecracker-bombed the tank one time *when it was heading down the steps. 'Leave my tank alone,'* Buehler told him. Blinky said, 'C'mon George, it's gotta be able to take some flak.' "

Oh yes, Hendricks fit in with this crew. At Halloween he showed up for practice in a pumpkin the equipment manager, Dick Romanski, had carved in the shape of a helmet, complete with face bar. One year he snuck a harlequin mask, a souvenir of the Dickens Fair in San Francisco, onto the field for a Monday night game, and TV caught him wearing it on the sidelines—red, toothy, ear-to-ear grin, long, pointed chin—flashing the peace sign. Al Davis tried to find out how the mask got onto the field. No one cracked.

on and shakes his head. The bells tinkle. Next comes a Renaissance nobleman's hat with a two-foot ostrich plume. "They judged you by the size of your plume," he says. And now a rubber Fasching hat from Munich, with spikes.

"He still has all his old jocks, all his old football shoes. *Theo never throws out anything," Jane Hendricks says. She* calls him Theo. It suits him. Theo now models, in turn, a navy blue North Sea fisherman's hat, a Hialeah High hat, a visor from Kamehameha School, Oahu, another from the Southwest Boys' Club in Miami. "You ain't seen nothin' yet," he says, pulling out a hat in the shape of a turkey with a long aqua crop. In the bottom of the crate is a jai alai cesta.

"My cesta," he says. "The great player Orbea gave it to me in Miami. I used to play at his fronton. The first time I tried to hit the ball off the back wall I swung at it like I was swinging a baseball bat and the ball hit me in the middle of the forehead. Felt like an earthquake going off in my head."

continued

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In yet another hat, Hendricks rides shotgun with ex-Raider Davidson in a race in the Mojave Desert.



When the iron-pumping revolution first hit the Raiders, Hendricks had his own barbell made for bench-pressing: two empty drums fastened to either end of a bar, giving the impression of great mass while being virtually weightless. "To make you feel good," he says, hoisting it with one hand. He called it The Hurricane Machine. And in place of the bench, he devised a "hammock" made from strands of barbed wire, "to toughen you up."

Once, at a special-teams meeting, Madden was calling off the positions on the punting unit, and each player answered with his name. Hendricks was late. He was entering the building just as Madden called out, "Left end." Hendricks picked up a phone in the equipment room. "Emergency call for Coach Madden," he said. Madden got on the phone in his office. "Hendricks!" was what he heard.

"How can you stand it?" Madden asked Jane Hendricks one day.

"I'm into bird-watching," she said.

When Defensive End Lyle Alzado joined the Raiders in '82, he described the characters on the team as being "camped out on the edge of reality." Hendricks took exception to the quote. "I told him, 'Lyle, we're not camped out. We're over it. But we can flip-flop. Flop, we're out, flip, we're back in. When you learn that, you'll be one of us.' I think last year he learned."

"I've never played with a guy like him," Alzado says. "He smiles while he's playing, he actually smiles out there."

"It's not a smile," Hendricks says. "It's a grimace, a malevolent grimace."

Once a Boston writer asked Hendricks, "Ted, are you a flake?"

"Who calls me that, Ed Garvey?" he said. "I prefer to be known as an iconoclast."

He has always had a strong dislike for Garvey and the Players Association. In 1980, when the union threatened to have Hendricks suspended for nonpayment of dues, the Raiders anted up $1,322.18, two years' worth, without a murmur. They have also been known to bend their fine schedule for him.

"Once he missed bed check in camp," Madden says. "I called him in the next morning and told him I was going to fine him. He said he'd missed it because he'd gone out with Marv Hubbard. Hubbard had just been cut; it was his last day, and he wanted someone to go out with him. So I didn't fine him. I would have done the same thing.

"I'll tell you how it is with Ted Hendricks. Whatever he has in him, he will give it to you on the field Sunday. You are going to get every last bit. There's no reason to mess with a guy like that. Hey, I've never even seen him limp."

Still, it took a while for the Raiders to realize what an exceptional package they had in Hendricks. In '75, he mostly sat on the bench. The Raiders realized their mistake in the first playoff game, against Cincinnati, when an injury in the final game of the regular season to Defensive End Tony Cline forced them into a 3–4 defense. Hendricks started as the utility linebacker and sacked Ken Anderson four times. "Today," Cincinnati's Paul Brown said, "he earned his entire season's salary."

Hendricks refers to that '75 season as The Valley of Fatigue. "In one game against Denver we were losing 17–7, and Monte Johnson pulled a muscle in his back. They took

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him off on a stretcher. I went in there, and I didn't even know the defensive calls. Shinnick was the linebacker coach, yeah, the same guy I had replaced in Baltimore, and he hadn't even told me the signals. I had two calls—zone and man-to-man. But hey, we shut 'em out the rest of the way and beat 'em 42–17. Next week I started. Shortest start in history. One play. Johnson made a miraculous recovery and came in for me after one play. Yeah, you're shaking your head. That's what I did, too, shook my head."

"Well, he played some that year," Madden says. "Special situations. We got him in there. . . Oh hell, we just made a mistake. Coaches are superstitious, they're reluctant to change something that's been working. You make mistakes. You're human."

The players took to Hendricks right away. They named him Kick-'em-in-the-head Ted, a handle supplied by Linebacker Dan Conners, who had played in college against a Ted Cooper, who was so nicknamed. For Hendricks it was soon shortened to Kick-'em.

He was a starter in '76, but from then until '79 his work load gradually diminished. The Raiders went to a 3-4 defense. Hendricks became a rover, and they would lift him on third and long. In 1980, Charlie Sumner took over as defensive coach and Hendricks became a full-timer, the focus of a Super Bowl defense known as The Boys of Sumner.

"Going into that season, they wanted to get rid of me," Hendricks says, an accusation that is vehemently denied by the Raiders. "The vote was 9–2 that I go. But the two were Sumner and Al Davis, and as you know, Al's opinion carries a little weight. 'Uh-uh-uh,' Al said, 'I brought him here. He's my puppy.'"

Now that he's 35, weariness can overcome Hendricks' high spirits.



It was an incredible year for Hendricks, an All-Pro year and his fifth Pro Bowl after a five-year absence. The Raiders won the Super Bowl, and Hendricks had a team-leading nine sacks plus three interceptions, three blocked kicks and a safety. He also had been appointed the Raiders' defensive captain that year.

"The first thing I did as captain was to get them to cut out all that hand-holding crap," he said. "They'd started copying the Broncos. Can you imagine that, on a team like the Raiders? I told them, 'Do what you want, but don't anyone grab my hand.' To me, the idea of captain was what you see on the Raider emblem, the guy with the patch over one eye. Arrr, Matey, walk the plank!"

The uncanny thing about Hendricks that year, and in subsequent years, was his ability to guess what was coming and to position himself exactly right. He has perfected his physical tools to the point where uncommon plays are no rarity—the leaping interception, the ability to take a block and ride it and at the last minute reach over and make the tackle or the sack. "At least once a game," Sumner says, "he'll do something and I won't know how he did it."

"Kansas City game, 1980, we were in a goal-line defense," Hendricks says. "I just had a feeling where they were going to run. So I drifted over to the other side. A couple of our guys looked at me. . . 'What are you doing over here?' The Chiefs had some young players, they didn't have a checkoff system. I was standing right in the hole, but they ran the play anyway. Our coaches must have been tearing their hair out."

Free-lancing. The word makes Sumner wince. "He does things by design, he'll tell me," Sumner says. But how about that play against Kansas City? "Pretty good gamble, wasn't it?" he says. "A lot of guys might be able to guess where the play is going, but they wouldn't have the nerve to do anything about it. And 98 percent of the time he's right. What can you say?"

Six games into his 15th NFL season, Hendricks holds two records that should stand for a while: four safeties, 25 blocked kicks. "Blocking kicks is a knack that some people just seem to have," former Raiders Special Teams Coach Joe Scannella says. "He's got the rare ability to hit and slide his body sideways at the same time."

"When a guy reaches 35, you have to think about replacing him," Sumner says, "but you look around and there just aren't any people who can do the job he can. He's got at least two or three more years, maybe even more. Who knows? He's a unique individual."

Last June, Hendricks was asked how long he wants to continue playing. "Well, I'd like to retire in about a month," he said, "but the thing is, I'm having too much fun playing. I know there are things I can't do now that I once could. I can't run with a receiver all the way down the field, so the coaches have a system where I'll pass a receiver off to a safetyman. I can't recover from a game the way I used to. If you got up some Monday mornings feeling like I do, you'd understand that. But it's still fun—the game, my teammates, the fans. That's what it's all about."

And what kind of a legacy would he like to leave?

"I want to be remembered as a nice guy," he says. "I know I can play the game. That's all I need now." END

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Reminiscence

by DONALD HONIG

THE AUTHOR MEETS A BASEBALL LION AND A FEW CELEBRATED PUSSYCATS

His name was Robert Moses Grove. They called him Lefty, and in the late 1920s and early '30s, when he starred for the Philadelphia Athletics, they called him baseball's greatest pitcher. There were other words for Lefty, too, ones that described his moods, his personality, his temper: stormy, dour, explosive.

And now there he was, sitting on the back porch of the Otesaga Hotel in Cooperstown, N.Y., motionless in a high-backed rocker, gazing out upon the waters of Otsego Lake. He was silver-haired now, and bulkier than he appeared in those old photographs in which he posed with Jimmie Foxx and Al Simmons and his other teammates from Connie Mack's championship teams of 1929-31.



Invited, as is the annual custom, with the rest of the Hall of Fame members to attend Cooperstown's 1974 Hall of Fame induction ceremonies, Grove was one of the true ornaments of the occasion, a legendary pitcher, a legendary character. I stood there staring at him, mustering the courage to approach. It wasn't that he'd never heard of me. I'd contacted him a few weeks earlier at his home in Ohio to ask if we might talk in Cooperstown. I explained that I was working on a book of baseball nostalgia. "Sure," he shouted into the phone. "I'll see you there." Then he hung up. He hadn't sounded interested or uninterested, friendly or unfriendly. He had just sounded like Lefty. But he had said yes.

Now he saw me out of the corner of his eye as I approached. He kept looking straight ahead, as if hoping I would keep walking. He frowned when I stopped and introduced myself. I reminded him of our appointment. "Thought you were one of those autograph hounds," he said sourly as I sat down in the rocker next to him and began to set up my tape recorder. "That's why I came out here. Must've given my signature to a thousand people this afternoon. On books, pictures, baseballs, paper napkins." I could hear the famous Grove choler in his voice. I had to agree that it was a bother and a nuisance.

But he was right. Our conversation ran for almost an hour, and during that time we must have been interrupted at least 20 times by autograph seekers, young and old, male and female. He obliged them all, handing up the prized scrawl with a scowl and a brusque nod. "Don't know what they do with them," he said. "End up throwing them away probably."

And then the interview was over. He had been patient and responsive, telling me about Babe Ruth and Lou Gehrig and Walter Johnson and all the other luminaries of his era, among whom he had stood as tall as any. As I packed up and prepared to leave I got the feeling he was glad to see me go, that I had just been a long interruption of his reveries. I thanked him, received the same brusque nod as the others and departed.

When I reached the lobby, I had a sudden horrifying thought. I had promised to bring my older brother a souvenir of my meeting with his boyhood idol—Grove's autograph. In my pocket was an index card brought along for that use. I turned around and looked at Grove. He was still sitting there, as motionless as before, gazing out upon the lake. I hesitated, biting my lip. I'll be damned, I told myself, if I'm going to walk out there and ask him for his autograph. But still. . . .

I looked around the lobby. Standing by herself was a little girl, perhaps 7 or 8 years old. She was wearing a blue dress with white buttons. She had neatly brushed blonde hair and an angelic face with wide, wondering eyes. She was adorable. I decided to send her into the lion's den.

I went up to her and asked her to do me a favor. Then I handed her the card and a pen and pointed to the lone figure on the porch. She took the pen and card and walked dutifully out to the porch. I moved out of sight, walking to the middle of the lobby, and waited.

My little angel of mercy returned a few minutes later. Still wordless, she handed me the card. I thanked her. When I looked at the card, there it was: Grove's autograph. Beneath it was a P.S. that read: "Didn't have the guts to ask me yourself, did you?"

I still don't know how he knew.

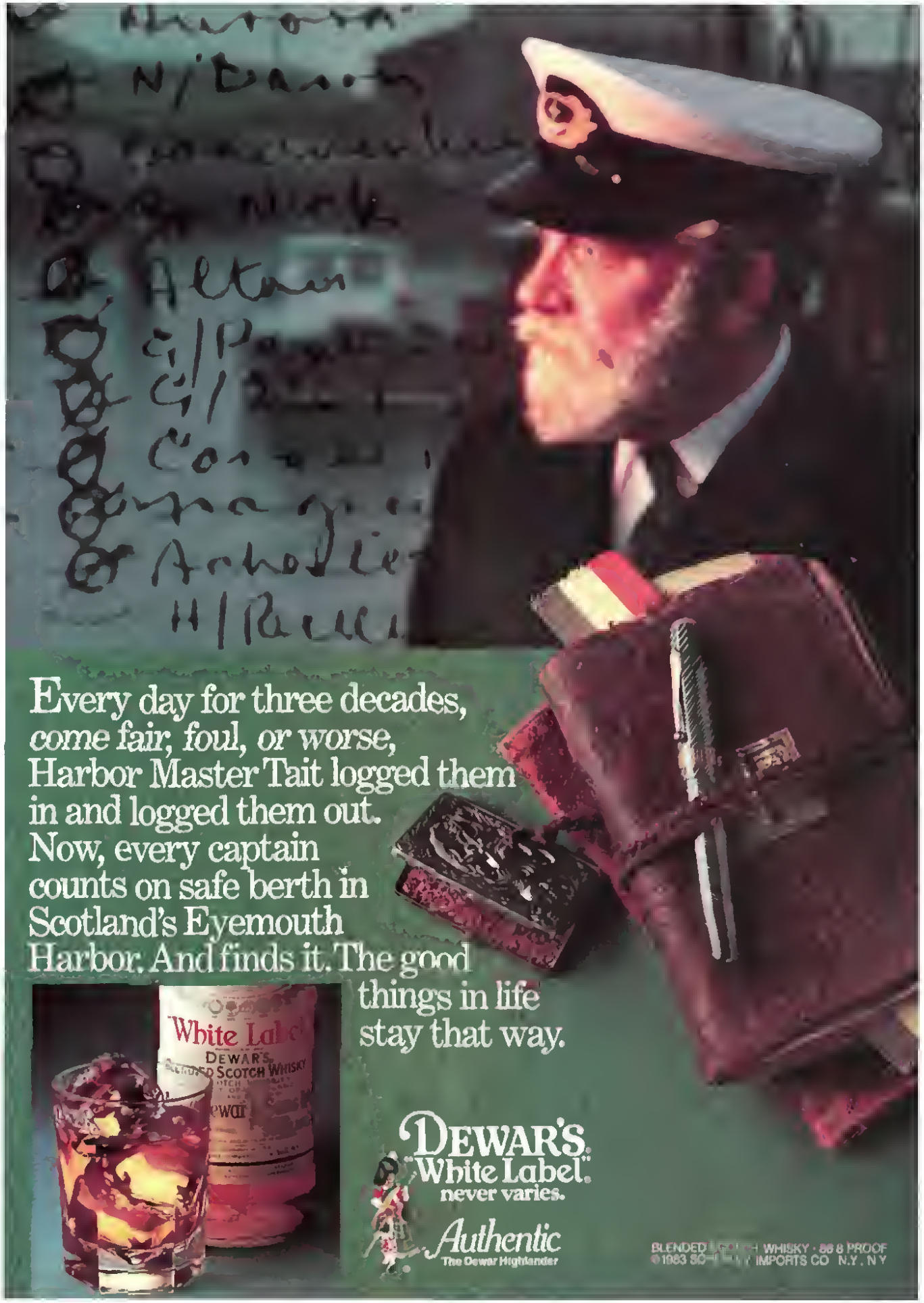
Earlier that summer I had gone to Greensboro, N.C., to see Wes Ferrell, star righthander of the Cleveland Indians from 1929 through '32 and the only pitcher to win 20 or more games during each of his first four complete big league seasons.

Like Grove, Ferrell had been known as a fierce competitor, with a temper like a rumbling Vesuvius. Unlike Grove, however, between eruptions he was a sweet-natured man with a winning smile that brightened a face so handsome he had been offered a screen test in the 1930s. Ferrell told the dream merchants no, explaining, "I have a job.".

I had been advised by Red Smith that Ferrell would be a good interview, but to be careful not to "set him off."

The day was hot, and the drive to Greensboro from my home in Cromwell, Conn. had been long. Early that morning I'd bought a bottle of soda and poured it into my Thermos, in case I became thirsty later. The Thermos had fallen off the front seat and for four or five hours now it had been rolling back and forth on the warm floor, unopened, keeping beat

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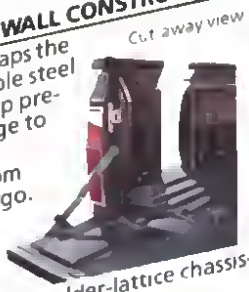
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with the car's every stop, start and turn.

Ferrell rose from a lawn chair when I pulled into his driveway and greeted me with a wave and a smile. "Hot as a furnace, huh?" he said walking toward the car. He was as handsome as a 66-year-old man could possibly be. He was wearing a freshly ironed white sport shirt, sharply creased blue slacks, a pair of high-sheen oxblood loafers.

"How about a cold drink?" I said, getting out, Thermos in hand.

As he stood there smiling, I twisted off the cap of my Thermos and began pulling out its cork, which suddenly disappeared from my hand as if it had been shot out of a cannon. Following it was a veritable geyser of soda pop that hissed and sizzled through the placid North Carolina sunshine and splattered over Ferrell's immaculate shirt, trousers and loafers.

I was too stunned, mortified and terrified to say anything. I simply gazed at Ferrell, not knowing what to expect. But time must have mellowed him, because he simply stepped back, looked down at *himself with disbelief and then burst* out laughing. "What do you do before you interview a man?" he asked. "Christen him?"

Not long after that I was in the green heartland of the Wisconsin dairy belt, en route to a dot on the map called Holcombe. There lived the venerable former Brooklyn Dodger spitball pitcher, Burleigh Grimes. If Burleigh had been a tough man to hit, he was also a tough one to find. I repeatedly got lost in towns named Misha Mokwa, Urne and Plum City.

Finally I got some unexpected help. Emerging from yet another Wisconsin town not on my list of directions, I found myself being hauled over by a state trooper. "Didn't you see that stop sign back there?" he asked upon arriving at my window.

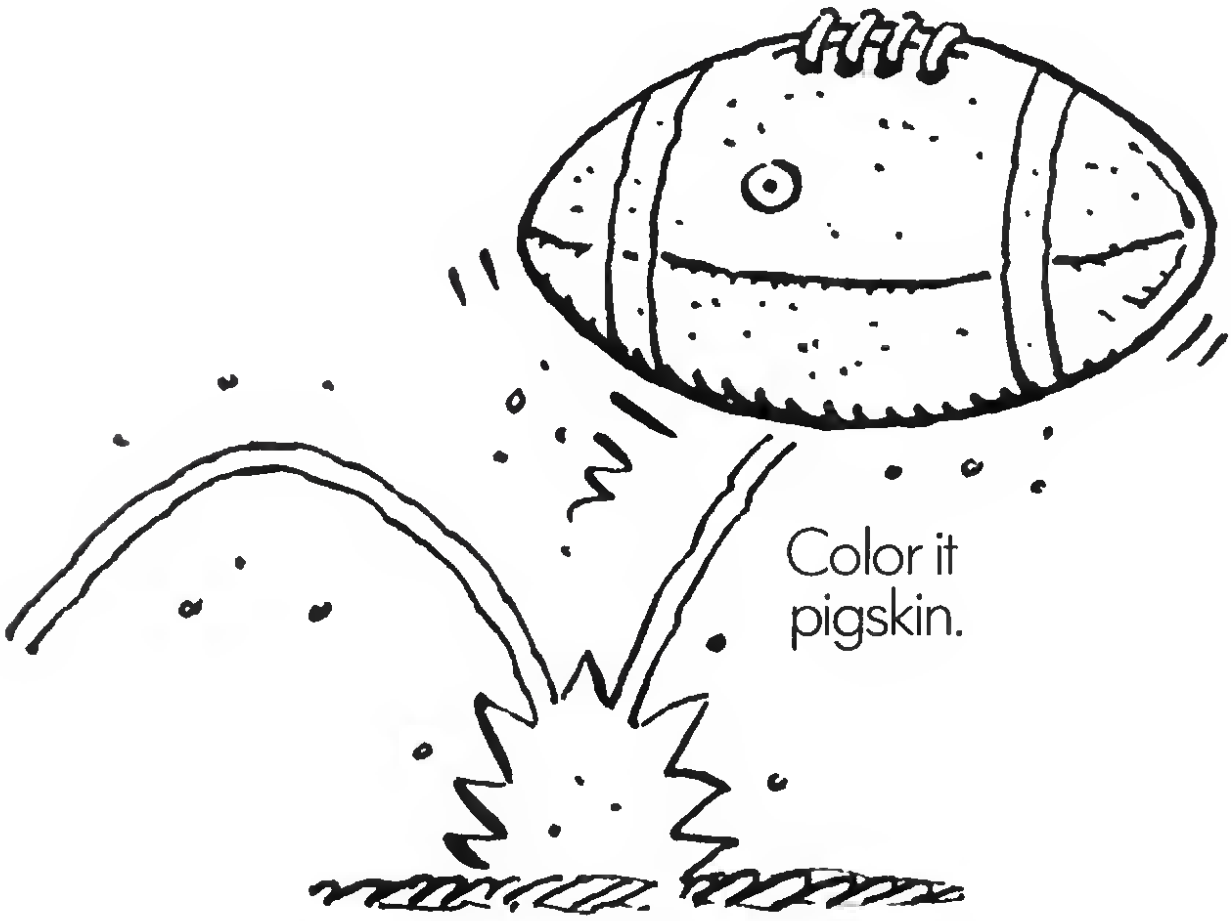
Instead of answering, I, in my frustration, blurted out a recounting of my recent wanderings. He listened patiently and then asked where I was going.

"Holcombe," I said. "I'm going to interview Burleigh Grimes." And, wanting to give him the whole picture, I told him, "I'm writing a book on baseball."

His stern, policeman's face suddenly relaxed into a pleasant smile of recognition. "Burleigh Grimes?" he asked. "The pitcher?"

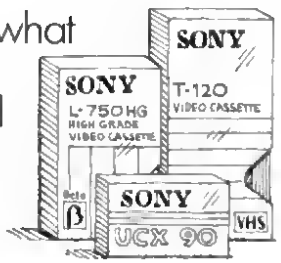
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Baseball is the second language of America. By introducing the game into conversation, you can end the silence of a stranger, find acceptance in a group and even get impeccable directions to Holcombe instead of a summons.

"Listen," the cop said before waving me on, "ask him who was the greatest player he ever saw."

I did. It was the first question I put when finally I settled into the hospitable confines of Grimes's living room. Personal aside to a certain Wisconsin state trooper: He said it was Honus Wagner.

In 1966 I found myself at Shea Stadium, home of the New York Mets. My prey this day was a man nearing the age of 90, John Tortes Meyers, the old catcher known as Chief for the full measure of Indian blood that surged proudly through his veins. An intelligent man, good-natured with a sly wit, he possessed an imposing personal dignity. As Emerson had once heard someone say of Thoreau, you would sooner take hold of a tree limb than the arm of Chief Meyers.

Chief was a favorite of Los Angeles Dodgers owner Walter O'Malley. Not only was Meyers a frequent guest at Dodger Stadium, but he had carte blanche to travel with the L.A. team whenever he wanted. This summer Chief decided to go with the Dodgers on one of their eastern trips.

My purpose in wanting to meet him was to ask him about the great Christy Mathewson, whom Meyers had caught when he was with John McGraw's New York Giants from 1909 through 1915. I would hear some "splendid true happenings of the olden days," Meyers assured me, but first there were to be the presentations.

At home plate before that day's game, Meyers was going to present his old uniform to Mets Coach Yogi Berra, the Hall of Fame former Yankee catcher. It was meant to be a symbolic gesture, Meyers explained, a bridging of the generations between one of the best catchers of the old days and one of the best of more recent times.

The ceremony at home plate was brief and dignified, Meyers uttering a few quiet words about past and present as he handed his uniform over to Berra. There was applause, and then the two men headed back to the dugout, Meyers walking with a firm step that belied his years.

In the dugout, Berra placed the old uniform on the bench. Meyers approached him. "You don't really want this, do you?" he asked Berra.

Berra shrugged. Meyers nodded, gathered up the uniform and stuffed it into a brown paper bag. He met me at the corner of the dugout. "One ceremony to go," he told me.

Upstairs we went, to the office of Mets President George Weiss, a frosty old customer who had helped build the Yankees into a dynasty. Weiss was sitting behind his desk, waiting for Meyers, who drew from the paper bag a small but bulky cloth drawstring bag. He held it in his hand as he spoke.

"Mr. Weiss," he began in a deep voice softened by time, "in 1910 when I was barnstorming in Vancouver after the season, I received a gift. The stones in this bag were given me by some Kwakiutl Indians. They said the stones would bring me good fortune and long life. I have enjoyed both. And now, with the same sentiments, I would like to present them to you."

So saying, Meyers undid the drawstring and poured across Weiss's desk a number of small, scruffy-looking stones. Weiss stared down at them and then looked up at the expressionless face of his benefactor. For a moment, each man seemed to be daring the other to smile, but both faces remained impassive. "Thank you, Chief," Weiss said. Then he stood up, and the two men shook hands.

With that, we departed. Outside in the corridor a few minutes later, I said to Meyers, "Was that true about those stones, that those what's-their-name Indians gave them to you?"
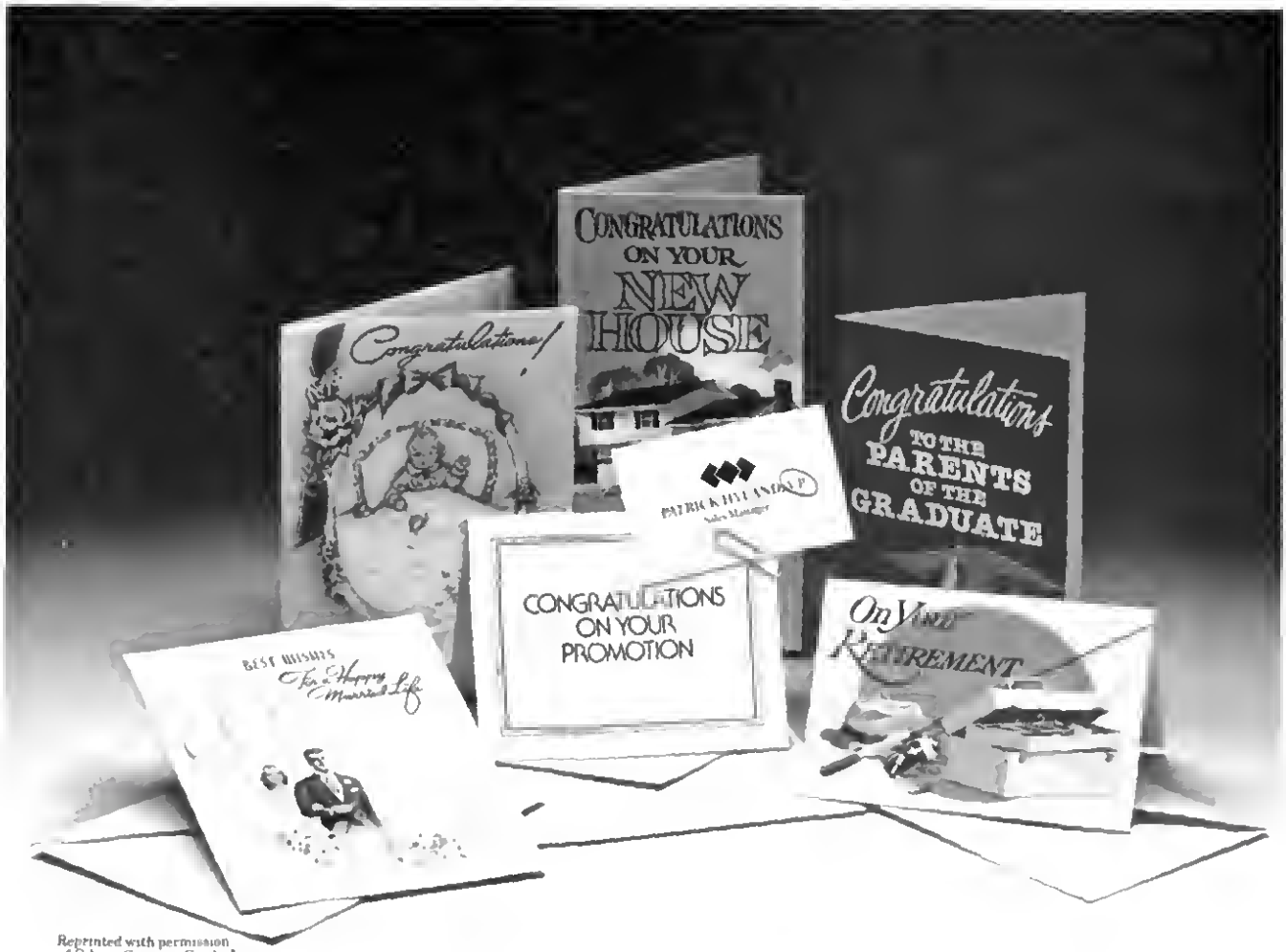
"Kwakiutl," Chief said. "They live in the Vancouver area. A noble people."

"I know. But what about the stones?"

Meyers smiled and said, "God knows where they came from. They've been at the bottom of an empty flower pot in my basement ever since I can remember. But it was a fine little ceremony, wasn't it?"

"Very," I said. "Two very fine little ceremonies."

"Now my friend," said Meyers, still clutching the bag containing his old uniform, "let's go sit somewhere and I'll tell you some stories about the olden days, about Mathewson and John McGraw and Honus Wagner and anything else you want to hear." **END**



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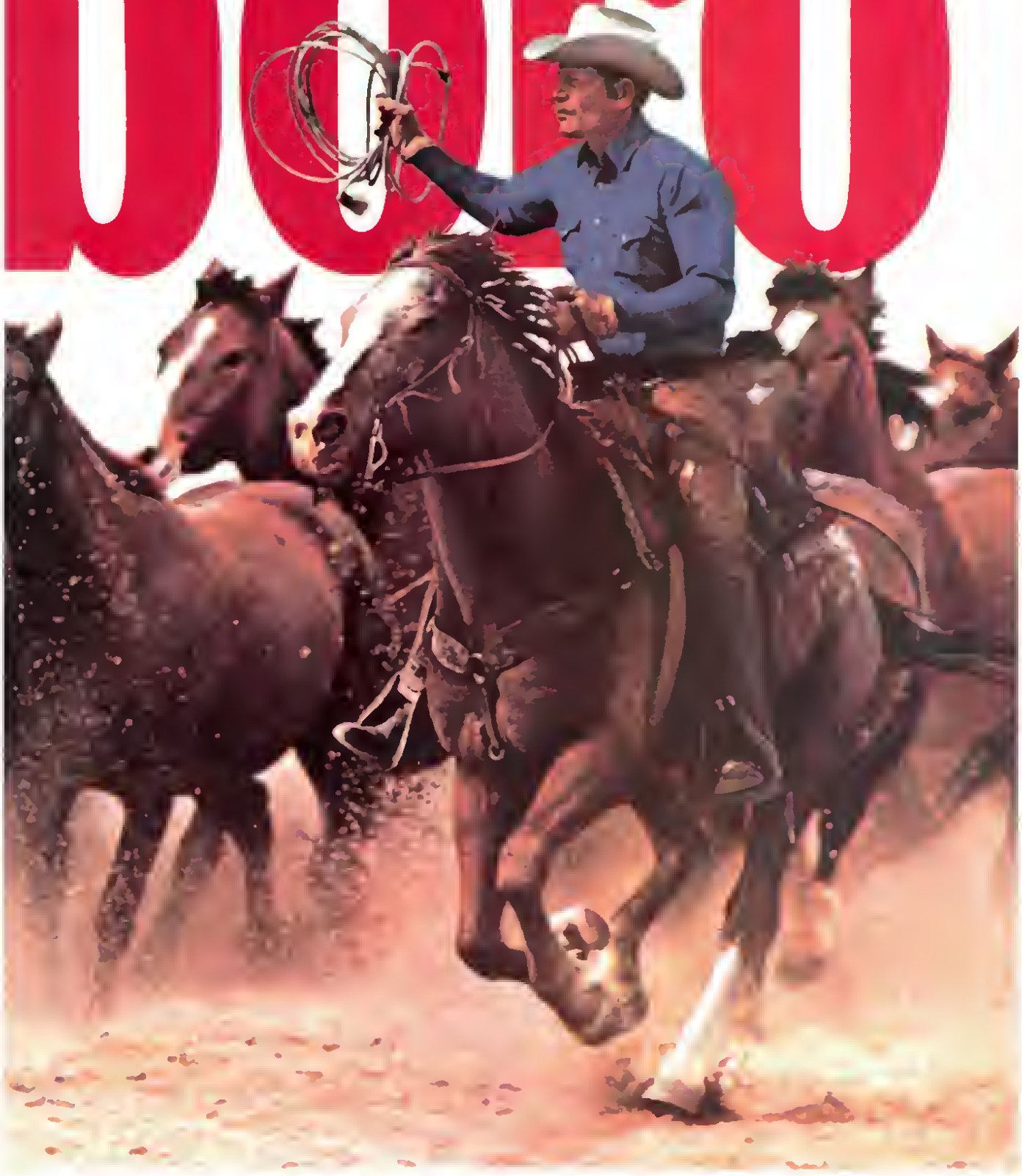
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First Person

by JILL LIEBER

THE STRANGE CASE OF A FLIPPED-OUT SWIMMER WHO GOES INTO THE TANK

I should have been born on a beach. Never mind that my native Wisconsin is better known for its green pastures than its deep blue oceans. And so what if the state can claim only three seasons—July, August and winter? I'm the sort of person who swan dives into everything, the water bug of my family; the kid who grew up on inner tubes and water skis; someone who still takes two showers a day.

I was born on July 15, under the sign of Cancer—the Crab. My mother was a synchronized swimmer; my father was a lifeguard and a freestyle man. I got my first bikini when I was two, a hot little blue number that my grandmother sent me from New York. I shot through all the swimming levels at the pool in Neenah, Wis.—through guppies, minnows, advanced beginners; through a billowy skirted one-piece and a yellow two-piece with a matching petaled bathing cap. By the time I was 12, I had conquered junior lifesaving and was leaving all the 15-year-old boys in my wake.

Next I churned through senior lifesaving. And a Mark Spitz poster went up on my wall. Then it was on to long-distance swimming. With my father in a rowboat at my side, I'd swim from shore to shore in a nearby spring-fed lake, through the lily pads, the leeches and, according to my little brother, right past the woman-eating northern pikes.

After graduating from high school I went to Stanford, spent a lot of weekends at the beach and became the swimming writer for *The Stanford Daily*. I bought a water bed I found my way to Hawaii, got into underwater photography and fell in love with mahimahi.

So when a friend who works at MarineWorld/Africa USA in Redwood City, Calif. asked if I wanted to take the plunge in a long, wet search for my roots, I didn't flinch. I dived right into a 430,000-gallon tank of salt water inhabited by four Atlantic bottlenosed dolphins and a 20-foot, two-ton pilot whale named Koko.

Encased in a navy blue wet suit to protect myself from the 60° water, I wasn't about to be mistaken for a mermaid. I looked more like a cross between Lloyd Bridges and Wonder Woman. I hooked on a 10-pound weight belt, slipped on a pair of flippers and grabbed a face mask. Because the tank was only 57 feet in diameter and 21 feet deep, I opted for an airhose instead of air tanks.

I didn't want to upset the fish any more than necessary. Even trainers who've worked with marine mammals a long time can't predict their moods and their possible reactions to an amphibian like me. Said Allison Seacat, one of the trainers, as I got ready to hoist myself into the water, "About all dolphins do is eat, swim and mate."

"They've been a little feisty lately," she added. "You wouldn't want to go in if it were mating season. We think it's over, but we never know for sure. . . ."

My face mask fogged up. In simple terms, the trainers had warned: Not all dolphins are as friendly as Flipper.

"Look," said one of the two trainers who as a precautionary measure would swim in the tank with me, "we'll take it easy. We'll feel out their moods." That sounded safe enough. I jumped in flippers first.

The dolphins went crazy. First they charged and then they veered away; their big, black eyes focused intently on me. The whale, on the other hand, just trudged along on the bottom, looming even larger than I had imagined.



ILLUSTRATION BY KRIS BOYD

The dolphins were surprisingly easy to tell apart. Their head shapes, eyes and the way that they moved made each an individual.

Bayou (7 feet long and 300 pounds), an 8-year-old male with a narrow head and a hooked jaw, was the John Travolta of the tank. The macho man. He had scratch marks on his sides and nose, battle scars from tiffs with the other dolphins.

Schooner (same size as Bayou), a 7-year-old female, had a pointed jaw and big, bright eyes. She was exuberant and curious, like a puppy.

Stormy (7 feet, only 250), a 7-year-old female, was slow-moving and laid-back, the one with the droopy, mellow eyes.

Shiloh (8 feet, 300), an 8-year-old female who ruled the roost, was the Mae West of MarineWorld.

And, of course, there was Koko. He was aloof, lackadaisical and always trying to outguess me.

Almost immediately, Bayou swam up, circled and spewed a dark, liquidy substance into the water in front of me. My head popped up. "What was that?" I asked the trainer.

"Either a mating dance," he said, "or he went to the bathroom." Swell.

The four dolphins came closer and gradually spent more time with me. I swam slowly, so as not to rile them. They must have sensed I was no threat, that I couldn't possibly live under the water without my air hose. I could hear them speaking in quiet squeaks and puckering sounds. A dolphin makes its sounds by passing air from one of its two vestibula sacs (nasal sacs located just below the blowhole) to the other. The vibrations range from high frequencies (a dolphin's whistle can make the hair on one's arms stand on end, even underwater, even under a wet suit) to very low, thumping frequencies (sort of like those heard from the woofers at a rock concert).

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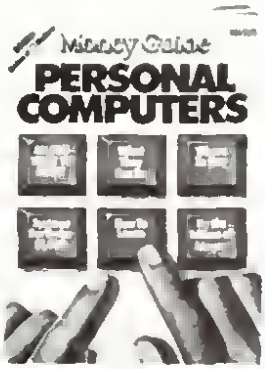


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Stormy shimmied up and coaxed me to hang on to her dorsal fin and go for a ride. A breakthrough. I waved to Schooner as we went by, and she waved back, nodding her head in time with my hand motion. She smiled at me, flashing 90 teeth.

Shiloh darted over. Everything was going so well. I figured she wanted to play, too. I waved. She snapped at my hand, flipped her tail and scooted away.

"Shiloh hates women," the trainer said after motioning me to the surface. "You're invading her territory."

Now you tell me. So, Shiloh knew I was a girl? Even wrapped in the wet suit? At first I wondered if she had smelled my perfume. But dolphins have no olfactory sense. She had used echolocation to sonar me. Dolphins send out sounds that are reflected off objects and return to their sensory system through their lower jaw. The vibrations travel through a thin, oily substance in their jaw, and, via something called the acoustic window, reach the inner ear. The sonic image created enables the dolphin to discern the size, density, speed and direction of another object in the water. My curves, when sonared, gave me away.

Shiloh danced past and flicked her tail again. Talk about moody. She has even been known to play tricks on kids who are watching her MarineWorld show. She'll be playful, urging them to stand near the edge of the tank, and then she'll soar out of the water, wrap her nose around their legs on the way back down and pull them onto their fannies. Shiloh convinced me I had spent enough time with the dolphins. It was time to explore life as a whale.

Koko, who had been moseying around the bottom, decided to check me out. He circled, his massive body filling the tank. He was ugly, with dark, bulging eyes and a round head that had earned him the nickname Bowling Ball. Definitely not a looker. He moved closer. The trainers spun around cautiously.

"I've been in the tank with Koko hundreds of times in the past two years," said one of the trainers, "and I still never know how he'll act."

Koko slowly swam toward me. Three feet from my face, he opened his mouth. Out rolled a tongue the length of Highway 101. The trainers decided my search for myself was over. I agreed. I didn't want to write my first novel from inside the belly of a whale. Somebody else had already tried that angle. **END**

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- ☐ 9. **PIERRE CARDIN** — Send for additional Information
- ☐ 10. **PONTIAC** — 1984 Fiero Brochure
- ☐ 11. **RUMS OF PUERTO RICO** — Recipes
- ☐ 12. **SCHWINN/EXCELSIOR AIR-DYNE " FITNESS MACHINE** — Send for Free Color Brochure
- ☐ 13. **SOLOFLEX** — Send for Free Brochure on Exercise Equipment
- ☐ 14. **SONY** — Send for Free Color Brochure on Sony Tape
- ☐ 15. **VOLKSWAGEN** — 1984 Volkswagen Brochure

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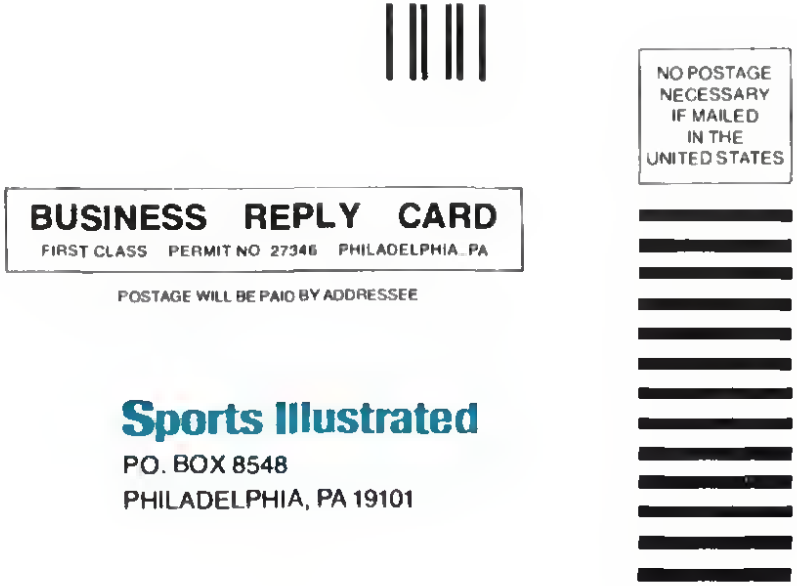
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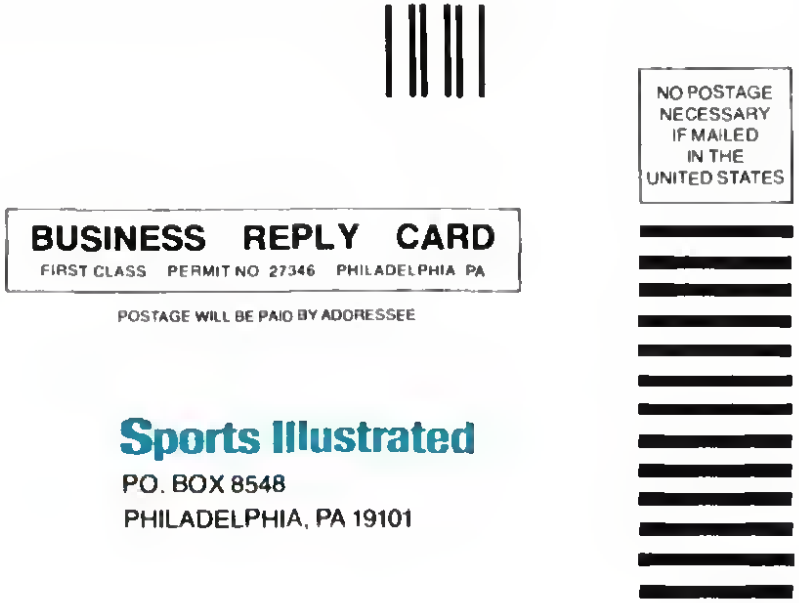
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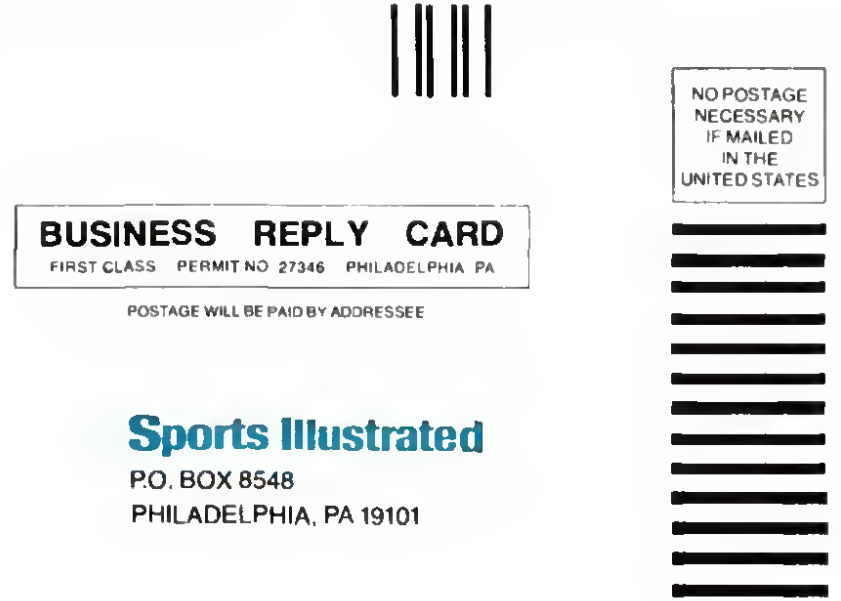
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FOR THE RECORD

A roundup of the week Oct. 3-9

Compiled by ROGER JACKSON

BASEBALL—The BALTIMORE ORIOLES defeated the Chicago White Sox three games to one to win the American League Championship Series, while the PHILADELPHIA PHILLIES beat the Los Angeles Dodgers 3–1 to clinch the National League pennant (*page 28*)

PRO FOOTBALL—NFL Baltimore and Buffalo surprisingly continued to lead the AFC East. The Colts defeated New England 12–7 for their third consecutive victory, their longest winning streak since 1980. Rookie Raul Allegre kicked a 52-yard field goal, and Curtis Dickey took a Mike Pagel swing pass and raced for a 68-yard touchdown to key the Colts' victory. The Bills upset the Dolphins 38–35 in overtime as Joe Ferguson completed 38 of 54 passes for 419 yards *and five TDs against a Miami pass defense that* had been ranked first in the NFL. One of those scoring passes, a 23-yarder to Joe Cribbs with 23 seconds left, sent the game into overtime. Then a 35-yard pass from Ferguson to Mike Moseley set up the winning score, a 36-yard Joe Danelo field goal with *1:02 left in OT.* The Jets, who romped to a 34–10 victory over Buffalo on Monday night, sputtered to a 10–7 loss in Cleveland on Sunday. The Browns' Matt Bahr booted a 44-yard field goal as time expired to beat New York. In Houston, Steve DeBerg, starting in place of beleaguered rookie John Elway, *threw two touchdown passes and* Rick Karlis kicked four field goals to deal the Oilers their 13th consecutive regular-season defeat, 26–14. AFC West leader Los Angeles edged Kansas City 21–20 when Raider Marcus Allen recovered teammate Frank Hawkins' fumble in the end zone for a score with 8:29 remaining. San Diego moved into a second-place tie with Seattle in the AFC West by beating the Seahawks 28–21. In San Francisco, Eric Dickerson rumbled for 142 yards to pace the Rams to a 10–7 upset of the 49ers. New Orleans, off to its fastest start ever, defeated Atlanta 19–17 as Morten Andersen kicked four field goals, including the game-winner from 35 yards with no time left. Minnesota moved past the puzzling Packers into first place in the NFC Central. The Vikings beat Chicago 23–14 as Running Backs Tony Galbreath and Darrin Nelson combined for 182 yards and two touchdowns. Detroit rookie Fullback James Jones ran for three TDs and Eric Hipple threw for two more to lead the Lions to a 38–14 rout of Green Bay, snapping a four-game Detroit losing streak. Dallas got its sixth consecutive come-from-behind win, 27–24 over fired-up Tampa Bay, when Rafael Septien kicked a 42-yard field goal 4:38 into overtime. In St. Louis, John Riggins rushed for 115 yards and scored three touchdowns in Washington's 38–14 win over the Cardinals. Ron Jaworski tossed two TD passes, and Tony Franklin kicked a 25-yard field goal with 12:22 left to pace Philadelphia's 17–13 victory over the Giants.

HOCKEY—The NHL's 67th season opened with the league's 21 teams working overtime for the first time in 41 years. Winnipeg's Scott Arneil had a hat trick, and teammate Doug Smail scored with 3:23 left in regulation to tie Detroit 6–6 and force the first regular-season sudden death since Nov. 10, 1942, but brilliant goaltending by the Jets' Doug Soetaert and the Red Wings' Eddie Mio preserved the tie. Minnesota and Los Angeles played to a 3–3 OT deadlock, with *the North Stars getting the only shot on goal in* the sudden death. L.A.'s Marcel Dionne had two goals in regulation to raise his career total to 546, fifth-best in NHL history. Two nights later, Vancouver's Patrik Sundstrom scored with 4:56 to play to give the Canucks a 10–9 triumph over the North Stars. The 19 goals were the most in a regular-season game since 1944. The Islanders won the first overtime game to come to a decision, 8–7 over Washington, when Bob Bourne scored on a power play at 2:01 of OT. The Rangers, Flyers and Oilers each won thrice without a loss. New York swept home-and-home season openers from New Jersey, winning 6–2 at Madison Square Garden and 3–1 at the Meadowlands Arena. The Rangers then whipped Pittsburgh 6–1 as Goaltender Steve Weeks stopped 37 shots. Philadelphia got two goals each from Tim Kerr and Bill Barber to beat the Penguins 7–1 in the Spectrum. Earlier, the Flyers had beaten the Capitals 4–1 in their season opener, and then Philadelphia won 6–3 at Montreal. Wayne Gretzky amassed four goals and four assists to pace Edmonton to a 4–3 win over Minnesota in OT, an 8–6 victory over Winnipeg and a 5–4 come-from-behind victory over Toronto.

MOTOR SPORTS—MARIO ANDRETTI drove a Lola T-700 to victory in the $434,402 Caesars Palace Grand Prix III in Las Vegas, averaging 87.192 mph on the hotel's 1¼-mile temporary circuit to defeat John Paul Jr., in a Penske PC10, by two seconds.

RICHARD PETTY, in a Pontiac, won a 500-mile, $417,270 NASCAR event in Charlotte, N.C., defeating Darrell Waltrip in a Chevrolet, by three seconds. Afterward, NASCAR fined Petty $35,000, the largest fine ever assessed against a driver, because his engine exceeded the maximum size limitation and he used left-side tires on the right side of his car.

MILEPOSTS—FIRED: As manager of the Cincinnati Reds, RUSS NIXON, 48, who in his 1½ seasons guided the Reds to a 101–131 record and two last-place finishes in the National League West. VERN RAPP, 55, a former manager of the St. Louis Cardinals (1977-78), was named to replace Nixon.

NAMED: JIM FREY, 52, as manager of the Chicago Cubs, replacing Charlie Fox, who returned to his duties as special consultant to the general manager, as manager of the Milwaukee Brewers, RENE LACHEMANN, 38, who led Seattle to a 140–180 record in over two seasons as manager.

SENTENCED: By a U.S. District Court judge, Washington Redskins Safety TONY PETERS, 30, to four years' probation and a $10,000 fine for his part in a conspiracy to traffic in cocaine and for the use of a telephone to carry out the felony. Peters, *who had pleaded guilty to the charges, must also* perform 500 hours of community-service work.

DIED: Lightweight boxer ISIDRO (GINO) PEREZ, 24, of a dislocation of his cervical spine suffered in a Feb. Forum fight with Juan Ramon Cruz on Sept. 30; in New York City.

• • • • CREDITS • • • •

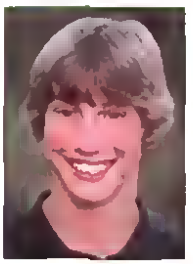
2,3—Jerry Wachter (left), Andy Hayt. **4**—Richard Mackson. **24,26**—Illustrations by Sam Q. Weissman. **28,29**—Jerry Wachter. **30,31**—Ronald C. Modra. **32,33**—Ronald C. Modra (top left, top right), Jerry Wachter (2). **34**—John Iacono. **36**—Heinz Kluetmeier (top), Jacqueline Duvoisin. **38**—Peter Read Miller. **41**—Heinz Kluetmeier (bottom), Jacqueline Duvoisin (2). **42,43**—Manny Rubio. **44**—John Biever (top), Tony Tomsic. **47**—Ronald C. Modra. **80**—Peter Read Miller. **81**—Tony Tomsic (top), Ronald C. Modra. **82,83**—Rich Clarkson. **84,85**—Andy Hayt. **86 81**—George Tiedemann. **82**—Bill Luster. **87**—Rich Clarkson (top), George Tiedemann. **88**—Lane Stewart (top right), George Tiedemann (2). **70**—Paul Bateswill. **73,74**—Tony Tomsic. **77**—Richard Mackson. **78,80**—Tony Tomsic. **83**—Mickey Pfleger (top), George Tiedemann. **84**—George Olsen. **85**—Richard Mackson. **91**—Paul Bateswill. **92,93**—Peter Read Miller. **94,96**—Peter Read Miller (left), Focus On Sports. **98-104**—Peter Read Miller. **106**—Andy Hayt. **125**—(top row, left to right) Pamela Price, John Blackmer, Frances W. Beins (bottom row, left to right) Norm Arnold, Lou Toman. **126**—Eric Schweikardt.

FACES IN THE CROWD



G. GAIL DAVIS
WARWICK, R.I.

Davis, 45, has coached the Toll Gate High girls' volleyball team to five consecutive state championships while amassing a 104–1 record. She also coached the 1983 Lady Titans basketball team to a 16–0 mark and the girls' state title.



JEFF OGOGWIN
PAYETTE, IDAHO

Jeff, 12, pitched two no-hitters in Payette County's three wins in the District II Little League All-Star tournament. He whiffed 33 batters and walked only three in 14 innings while getting 10 hits himself, including a home run.



DALE LIPOVSKY
BLOOMINGTON, MINN.

Lipovsky, 28, a former pitcher in the Boston Red Sox system, defended his men's world horseshoe pitching title by winning 20 of 23 matches at the world championships in Statesville, N.C. He had 1,059 ringers out of 1,360 throws.



GEORGE THOMAS
HARRISBURG, PA.

Thomas, 53, an 11-handicap golfer, fired holes in one on successive days at Harrisburg's Colonial C.C. He used a four-wood on the 201-yard 12th hole and a six-iron on the 169-yard 5th. Both times the ball took one hop and fell into the cup.





JONATHAN dIGONATO and **JAMES dIGONATO**
FORT LAUDERDALE, FLA.

Jonathon and James, 29-year-old identical twin swim instructors, swam the 28 miles around Manhattan in nine hours and 43 minutes to become the first to circumnavigate the island doing the butterfly. Previously they had completed a 16.5-mile butterfly swim from Fort Lauderdale to Pompano Beach, Fla. and back (14:5). They train three hours a day but still they found time last year to enter and be among the finalists displayed in *Cosmopolitan*'s first male centerfold contest.

19TH HOLE
THE READERS TAKE OVER

GUARDIAN OF THE INTERIOR (CONT.)

Sir:

I would like to commend SI on its Special Report about James Watt and the Department of the Interior (*Alone in the Wilderness*, Oct. 3). Our great outdoors is more important than people think.

I'm just your everyday, 40-hour-a-week person who likes to get away on weekends. There's a special feeling that some people get when they venture into the wilderness—a feeling of freedom, seclusion and, most of all, an understanding of the natural world. Unfortunately, Watt will never know what that's all about, but thank God some of us do!

KELLY SIMMONS
Worcester, Mass.

Sir:

Thank you for 14 well-written pages on James Watt. I've always considered him one of America's finest athletes. Maybe you could run an article on Henry Kissinger, my choice for Sportsman of the Year.

NEIL Z. KAMELHAR
New York City

LEFTY

Sir:

Steve Wulf's article on Steve Carlton and the Phillies (*Philly Is Streaking for Home*, Oct. 3), accompanied by your sarcastic cover billing (*Hey Lefty, Tell Us How You Won No. 300*), annoyed me very much. Perhaps you folks need to be reminded that the most important aspect of any athlete is how he performs on the field, not whether he grants interviews to sportswriters. As a pitcher, Carlton has few peers, clearly he is one of the best ever. Not speaking with reporters is his prerogative, and given the nature of the comments made by many sports figures today, I wouldn't mind if more of them kept their thoughts to themselves.

I would have hoped for greater objectivity in the recording of a major milestone in the career of one of baseball's all-time greats. Carlton's actions speak far louder than his words ever could.

MARC R. INVER
Philadelphia

Sir:

True baseball fans, especially in the Philadelphia area, know Steve Carlton talks to the fans every time he steps on the field. Lefty doesn't have to "tell" us how he won No. 300. We saw it!

LINDA G. CAREY
Linwood, N.J.

JOHNNY AND CARL

Sir:

I grew up following the illustrious careers of both Johnny Bench and Carl Yastrzemski (*Memories Are Made of This*, Oct. 3). With the free agency and contracts nowadays, Johnny and Carl might be the last two superstars to spend their entire careers with one team. Goodby to two of the great ones, and thanks for the memories.

JOE E. URBAN
Warrenville, Ill.

Sir:

Waiting at the airport to fly to Boston for "Yaz Day," I was thrilled to read the tribute to Johnny Bench and Carl Yastrzemski. William Nack gave us a superb article. As a follower of Yaz since 1961, when I was 10, I will truly miss the excitement that he has provided over the past 23 years. Although Yaz never attained his goal of a world championship, he did something much greater. He thrilled a city for three decades and, just as important, thrilled small-town people like me. Thank you, Carl.

THOMAS V. FANNING
Camden, N.Y.



MEMORIES

Sir:

In William Nack's article on Yaz and Bench, you show the SI covers on which each appeared.

Bench is one of five players on a "Best Rookies of 1968" cover. I believe the Cardinal player is Mike Torrez. Please identify the others.

BILL LEE
Matawan, N.J.

• Clockwise: Bench, Dodger Alan Foster, White Sox Cisco Carlos, Cardinal Mike Torrez and Tiger Don Pepper.—ED

DOWN UNDER ON TOP

Sir:

Unbelievable! I just don't see how you did it. I am referring to your remarkable job in putting together the America's Cup race story and pictures (*It Isn't America's Cup Any Longer*, Oct. 3) on a Monday night, and having it printed and labeled and mailed in time to be delivered to me here in California on Thursday.

I am aware that the rest of your publication was probably ready to go, but it still is a fantastic job.

GEORGE (BUD) BLOOMER
Van Nuys, Calif.

Sir:

Thank you for your magnificent coverage of the America's Cup competition between *Liberty* and *Australia II* (*Is There A Change In The Wind?*, Sept. 26).

Being an avid fan of America's Cup racing, I read everything I could find on the races. Your coverage was the best. No other reporter did as fine a job of discussing race strategy—especially that of the race that was called on Saturday, Sept. 17—as Sarah Pileggi did.

I. MICHAEL WINOGRAD
Concord, N.H.

Sir:

Australia II and *Liberty* not on your Oct. 3 cover? How could SI elect not to acknowledge sporting history? Not to discredit Steve Carlton's accomplishment, for it is indeed spectacular, but you snubbed an entire nation's proudest moment.

ROSS TUTSCHULTE
Windsor, Conn.

ORIOLES

Sir:

I thoroughly enjoyed reading about the Baltimore Orioles and Joe Altobelli's championship season (*It's No Longer Up in the Air*, Sept. 26).

I am happy to see Altobelli have such an outstanding season, particularly after some of the not so fine ones he spent with the San Francisco Giants.

I also applaud the platooning system that Altobelli uses. Billy Martin showed us in 1981 that by platooning with the Oakland A's infield he could produce an American League West title.

MARK MCDANIEL
San Anselmo, Calif.

Letters should include the name, address and home telephone number of the writer and be addressed to The Editor, SPORTS ILLUSTRATED, Time & Life Building, Rockefeller Center, New York, N.Y. 10020



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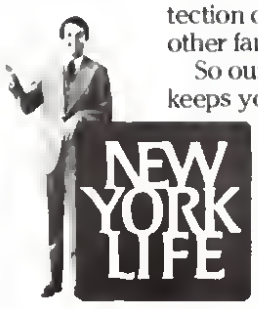
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*EPA



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